TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

There is nothing so much abused at all times and places as the privilege of offering an apology. A great, rough fellow will come crushing out of some place of public entertainment, tilting people's hats aside, crushing ladies and children, and bowing right and left along his route of ruin with apologies for all, quite satisfied that he is acquitting himself like a thorough gentleman. What good is such an apology to a lady whose skirt has been violently torn from its moorings in the mysterious region of her waist, or to the gentleman whose hat has been put out of shape, or to the child whose tender foot has been crushed under the hoofs of this mad-bull of a man? The sort of apology which he offers as he pursues his offensive career is simply an aggravation of the injury he has done to the lady, the gentleman, or the child. There is not the faintest smack of regret in his tone, and while he speaks he perpetrates upon another the injury he has done you. People feel under a necessity to outwardly pretend to grant the pardon so little deserved and so carelessly asked, but at the same time they always have a mental reservation of a very indignant sort. What caused me to mention this was a little episode that came under my attention coming out of one of the theaters recently. An elegantly dressed man collided twice with a sedate and haughty old lady and each time he spoke the meaningless "I beg your pardon." The second time he did it, she transfixed him with her calm eye and said, "If you would be less polite and a little more careful it would suit me better, sir." The man almost fainted. He had probably apologized a couple of million times in his life and was looking forward to an apologetic future of grease and polish, but he had never met nor expected to meet a lady so indelicate as this. It was astounding. He could scarcely believe his ears, nor his eyes, though faith in the faultlessness of his own manners never deserted him. Quite audibly he remarked to his friends something about some people not possessing sufficient breeding to appreciate an apology. I admired the lady, and after turning the matter over in my mind have concluded that the duty of a gentleman is to avoid occasion for apologizing rather than to cultivate a glibness of tongue.

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There is no more contemptible person than he who comes sneaking around with a private apology which he offers in atonement for a public insult. This thing is happening every day. In order to raise a laugh or curry favor with some spiteful person present, this man will surprise you with a most mean thrust in your tenderest spot; in a presence where he thinks you are unacceptable he will add to the already heavy load of your discomfort by unexpectedly putting his knife into you. His nature is so weak that it renders him vicious under certain influences. In an argument, with a person of importance listening, he will say anything he can think of that will wound you into silence. Then, when he finds you alone he will again fall under your influence, and with furtive glances to see that no one is witnessing his humiliation he will offer an apology and expect to be taken into your friendship on the same old footing. But to the outside world he still wears the honors so meanly won over his friend, and allows others to applaud him for the way he "salted" you. If you restore him to your favor he will betray your trust on the next inviting opportunity. He is the most contemptible person in life, for however good a fellow he may generally seem and really be, yet at the critical moment he shows a vicious weakness.

MACK.

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For a party paper to be misrepresented by its political opponents is not surprising and consequently cannot be actately painful to the victim, but when opponents and quondam friends unite in misrepresenting the *Globe* in the matter of the Intercolonial being transferred to the C. P. R., the man who wrote the article which has caused all this discussion must feel that either the English language is incapable of conveying an idea to his readers or that editors, anxious to show how watchful they are of the public good, are ready to play the part of the demagogue and falsifier. To everyone who wanted to understand, the article was perfectly plain. The *Globe* stated what we all know, that the Intercolonial has an annual deficit of a half a million dollars, that so long as it is managed by the Goverament and is provided with no additional freight and passengers to haul by some new enterprise in the Maritime Provinces, so long will it continue to be one of the most expensive ties which bind the federated provinces together. It suggested that a fast line of ocean ships running in connection with the Intercolonial would provide the additional freight and passengers, that the C. P. R. management, so successful elsewhere, could reduce the expense and make the road profitable. The fast line of steamers it is generally feared would not be profitable and the *Globe* argued that it would be better to have that line, and the country would be no poorer if the amount of the annual Intercolonial deficit were given to it as a subsidy. As a subsidy of a half a million dollars a year is a standing offer to any company willing to provide the ocean service necessary, the C. P. R. would get no more than any other company could have at once guaranteed to them by the Dominion Government. It stated as plainly as words could that the interests of the people now served by the Intercolonial would have to be protected, reasonable rates guaranteed, and running privileges accorded the Grand Trunk over the line. Now what is there in this to raise such a howl? I have stated the case from memory, but the arguments are those which have long led business men in the Maritime Provinces, Montreal and Toronto to believe the scheme thoroughly in harmony with the best interests of Canada.

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The objection to the idea seems to lie in the fear that the Canadian Pacific may succeed in making a few dollars out of it. We see too much of this dog-in-the-manger spirit in Canada. If anybody suggests an enterprise in Toronto which may need public sanction or civic assistance, an indignation meeting is at once called to prevent the promoters from making a cent. If the Government had tried to finish and operate the Pacific Railway from coast to coast, we would have had an annual deficit running away up into the millions. Are we not better off under the private management of this great enterprise? Is it not likely we would be further benefited by the release of the Intercolonial from Ministerial control? I was once a believer in the government management of railways; I believe in it still in old and thickly settled countries. I am firmly convinced it is an impossibility in Canada. It requires enterprise, energy, vast organization, such as none but private corporations can provide. The Government will not risk their existence by issuing a schedule of rates necessary to the maintenance of a road; it dare not stretch out over the ocean as the Canadian Pacific has done. No matter how strong a Canadian Ministry might be, if they had owned the transcontinental road and had proposed to build a line of steamers to Japan and another line from Halifax to Milford Haven, the people would have turned them out of office inside of thirty days. Without these enterprises business will not be brought to Canada; without the fast steamship line such as the C.P.R. propose to build, no great seaport town will be built up in the Maritime Provinces; the Intercolonial will not have enough freight and passengers to carry to make it pay. On the other hand, the C. P. R. will not place itself at the mercy of a government and permit the success of its railway and steamship system to depend on the ambitions of a Cabinet Minister or the whim of an underling. Altogether it is a most reasonable proposal, and with proper safeguards, without which none but the most venal parliament would permit it to pass, it would be a blessing to Canada.

There seems to be a certain amount of agitation over the closing of saloons at seven o'clock every evening. Such a law would be a mistake and would result in the opening up of two illicit whisky dives for every legitimate public house closed in the evening by this enactment. Those who are anxious to dictate to other people when they shall go home and where they shall go when they leave home, should remember that there may be a not inconsiderable exodus from Toronto if this system of espionage and compulsory virtue is to be extended. The voters in this city can make it illegal for a man not to be at home at seven o'clock, but they cannot enforce a by-law which will prevent him leaving the city and staying away. A number of our by-laws are now making Toronto objectionable to decent and thrifty people who would like to see the business interests of the city better attended to and the concerns of private individuals interfered with less.

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Are there enough public schools in the city is a question which the ratepayers will be asked to decide on the 29th inst., when a by-law to raise fifty-seven thousand dollars for new buildings will be submitted. It strikes me that if the school population of Toronto was properly divided, room would be found for all the children, and that, too, in schools within a reasonable distance from their homes. The trouble, I imagine, is in the prevalent idea that everyone who pays a school tax has a right to have a kindergarten within a block and a magnificent schoolhouse within five or ten minutes' walk. If you argue with people who are situated a half a mile from a public school, they tell you that they cannot afford to buy car tickets for their children and that it is too far to have them walk. Such talk is very silly. Consider the children in country districts. Many of them have to go a mile, and a mile and a half, and not a few of them in the winter time are forced to plod through deep snow along almost unbroken roads for two miles. Are the children less healthy than they are in the city, and considering that the schools are not graded as they are here, is their progress in elementary learning not quite as rapid?

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Again, parents protest against what they call these long walks because their children have so much to do in the evenings and mornings. It would make a farmer's son or daughter laugh to contemplate the light tasks imposed upon city children. The chores and milking, and some of the hardest tasks of the day are attended to by school children. These things have no counterpart in city life. A walk of a couple of miles along city streets is less laborious than a mile of rough and dusty side road in the country. In the city the snow is removed from the sidewalks and without injury, with real benefit to themselves, children can go a long distance to school. The fact that some schools which are more or less fashionable or are presided over by unusually efficient teachers, are crowded, does not prove that new buildings are required; indeed, some of the down-town schools have plenty of room for more pupils, and I am told that more than one of the more suburban buildings are by no means overtaxed. Unfortunately, Toronto's population is not just now growing very rapidly, while the debt and the taxes are increasing very fast. Under these circumstances the by-law should be defeated, and I think without doubt it will be.

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I suppose anyone who opposes the building of more school-houses will be classed as an obstructionist, as one who would rather save a quarter of a mill in his taxes than do the slightest thing to prevent illiteracy. People who argue in any such bitter strain should remember that many of the heaviest taxpayers never use the public schools though contributing very largely to their maintenance. Is it not just under such circumstances to be careful not to impose unnecessary burdens? He must be a skinflint indeed who would desire to impair the efficiency of our local educational system, for the schools, collegiate institutes, colleges and universities of Toronto are the pride of its people and are attracting to this city many who are anxious to educate their youngsters. Nevertheless, the Board of Trustees should set themselves the task of finding some other means of relieving the overcrowded schools and of filling those which still can furnish plenty of room.

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A by-law giving the city permission to issue about a hundred and forty thousand dollars' worth of debentures for the purpose of purifying Ashbridge's Bay is presented in such a shape that it is likely to find a majority in favor of it. It has been decided that it is a work of necessity, and if the Council cannot issue the debentures the money will have to be taken from the taxes of the current year. As it is a work intended to be of a permanent character the taxation to pay for it should not all be imposed upon those who pay taxes this year, but a portion of the burden should be left for other years and other taxpayers to bear, as will be the case if debentures are issued. Leaving out the character and financial soundness of the syndicates which have been proposing to reclaim the marsh, it cannot be forgotten that every newspaper and many men who are fond of tickling the public ear by pretending to defend public rights, declaimed wildly against letting this malodorous, and as at present constituted, valueless territory, pass into the hands of speculators. I have little doubt we could have had done for nothing what it is now proposed to expend public money for. But as usual, the city seems afraid that some capitalist may be induced to come here and attend to the work and jingle a few dollars in his pocket after he gets through with it.

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Another proposition which will be submitted will authorize the Council, if passed, to charge the expense of wooden sidewalks to the general fund instead of making the laying of them a local improvement. The result of this would be extravagance. People who would not have to pay for the work done directly out of their own pockets would be continually clamoring for new sidewalks. With houses scattered for miles beyond the reasonable limits of the city, the laying and keeping in order of these sidewalks would be an enormous expense. It may result in hardship to individuals who have located themselves on streets which are but poorly built up, but they chose their place of residence thoroughly understanding the situation and cannot now with any propriety petition for relief.

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The "Americanizing" of the Roman Catholic church in the United States is significant of the democratic leaven which is working in nearly every parish, not principally peopled by foreigners, in the republic. Father McGlynn said at the time of his excommunication that the church would never make proper progress in the United States until an American pope wearing a plug hat and carrying an umbrella under his arm walked the streets of New York. These may not be his exact words, but they contain the sentiment which he desired to convey. Now that the Pope has sent to the United States an Envoy Extraordinary clothed with power to make decisions from which there can be no appeal, the newspapers in the republic to the south of us are calling him the American Pope, and it appears that one of the first things he will be called upon to settle will be Father McGlynn's case, and it is likely that that brilliant and noble-hearted priest shall be restored to his functions.

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Bishop Ireland, who has been strongly in favor of public schools and many other advanced ideas, is spoken of as likely to receive a cardinal's hat. These facts and the well known sentiment of the church that democracy, if it has to struggle against papal laws, weakens the hold of the church upon its people, indicate that an attempt is likely to be made to keep pace with the times in economic and educational matters in this part of the world. So strongly is this American Catholic tendency seen in some parishes that the bishops are much disturbed by it. Just last week Father Corrigan denounced the influence of the German priests in the episcopate to which he belongs. In speaking of the narrowness and egotism of some of his co-workers he remarked, "The Germans think that when God created them He did something which He cannot equal, and if they die and go to heaven and find that German is not spoken there they won't stay." It seems high time that someone from the Vatican came to America to observe the true condition of things, and no doubt the visit of His Holiness the Pope's plenipotentiary will restore harmony and produce widespread and beneficial results.

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I notice an item in the newspapers that a doctor's wife out west shot and killed her husband "because he had ceased to love her." Nearly every day we see stories of this kind; men shooting the women they profess to love because the object of their adoration prefers somebody else, and women using revolvers to put their lovers out of the way of the bright eyes of a rival. This method of lovemaking has been in use from time immemorial. The motive is nothing but egotism gone mad. Sentimental selfishness cannot endure that anyone else shall possess what he or she is refused. It seems to me a much more sensible policy when a lover finds that the woman he cares most for cares nothing for him, to get away from her and hunt for a maid who is ready to reciprocate. If a woman finds her husband has ceased to love her she has reason to enquire whether she has not ceased to be lovable. Even if she decides that she is as attractive as ever she was, she can find some excuse for the man if she really loves him. If she cannot live with him as an unloved wife, she should live away from him; if she is prepared to make the sacrifice she may win back his fickle heart. The very fact that the woman in question was capable of such a dreadful deed as killing her husband shows conclusively that she was neither a sensible nor lovable woman, and we can pardon the man who no longer loved such an insanely jealous and desperate person.

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There are some queer institutions in the United States, and one of them imposed the duty performed on Tuesday by ex-President Harrison of reading a message to Congress Even though he had become a political corpse and the country had rejected by an over-

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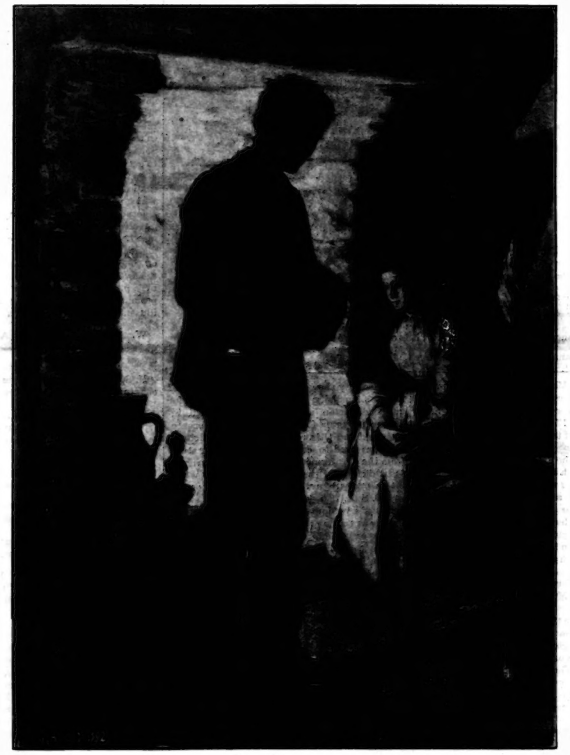

THE COUNTRY COURTSHIP.

From a painting by G. A. Reid.

Uncle George's Visit

You would have thought he was the Prince of Wales, or at least a lord or a duke, by the way they treated him. But he wasn't. There was nothing blue-blooded or princely about him. He was only plain George Lewis, a rough, hardened old miner, who had gone to the Black Hills when he was a boy and by long years of toil had amassed a fortune. And now he had come east to enjoy himself and visit his by no means wealthy relations.

"Mr. Leslie," announced Mrs. Leslie one evening at the dinner table, "my Uncle George, whom I have never seen, is coming to visit us within a few weeks, and he says he may stay a month or two, and may conclude to make his home with us if—"

"Make his home with us!" snorted Mr. Leslie, putting down his cup of coffee with a vicious jerk. "Well, I guess not. I don't object to your poor relations coming here once in a while for a few days; but as for one quartering himself on us for the rest of his natural life, it's too much. Haven't I told you——"

"If it's agreeable," went on Mrs. Leslie, calmly resuming at the point where she had been interrupted by her irate spouse, as though nothing had happened. "And he says that he has made a large fortune, and thinks, as he is over sixty years of age and in rather poor health, he wants to enjoy a few years of rest before he dies."

No stage transformation scene was ever half so wonderful as the change that took place on the chubby face of Mr. Leslie. His gray side whiskers fairly bristled with new found joy. But he tried hard to conceal his change of sentiment. That was diplomacy. And one of Mr. Leslie's fondest delusions was that he was a second Machiavelli.

"Well, I guess we can find room for him. How would it do to put him in the front room upstairs? Don't you think it ought to be repapered, Mrs. Leslie?" said the husband.

Of course Mrs. Leslie, who had been asking for such an improvement for some weeks, eagerly assented, and thanked her stars for more than one reason that her uncle was coming.

"Won't it be splendid to have him here?" said Miss Florence Leslie, a rather tall, stately young woman, whose thoughts ran much to society. "Maybe now I'll get that pair of diamond earrings I have been waiting for so long."

"He may be such a horrid old guy we shall all be ashamed of him," suggested slangy Miss Bessie, a younger sister of Florence. "Fancy him sitting on our veranda with a big slouch hat and his trowsers tucked into his boots when the Du Goodleys drive by. How they will laugh at us!"

"Do you think Uncle George would buy me a pair of ponies, mamma?" asked young Robert, who, though but nine years of age, appeared keenly alive to the situation.

Uncle George came. He was a very modest, unassuming gentleman, with a bronzed face, and the quiet ways of a man who had been an exile from society for years. And, strange to say, he was rather averse to talking about the family history.

"He's a very modest man, Uncle George is," said Mrs. Leslie, explaining this peculiarity to a neighbor. "But, do you know," shesaid, in a mysterious whisper, "he must be very wealthy. I know he must be getting ready to make us some splendid present, for I saw him counting over an enormous roll of bills the other day, as though he were studying what to buy."

Mr. Leslie, too, was likewise eagerly expectant. He had really begun to like Uncle George—at least he thought he did. And so it went down to the youngest member of the family. Uncle George, it must be owned, fared pretty well.

They even gave a grand party in honor of the newly-arrived relation from the West. All their friends were invited. The caterers were given *carte blanche*. It was really a fine affair.

"We wish to spare no pains to make my dear uncle feel at home," said Mrs. Leslie to her friend, Mrs. Gordon, that night.

"To make him feel at home," echoed Mr. Leslie. "It is our aim to make his last days as pleasant as possible—you know he is getting old, for he has seen rough times out in the West, and has earned a good rest, I'll warrant."

The fact is, this was a trifle hypocritical on the part of Mr. Leslie. Truth was, he was beginning to get a little anxious over the fact that Uncle George was not making any lavish expenditure of his vast wealth.

In another part of the house that night there was another interesting little scene. It was behind a huge bank of ferns and palms that the vivacious Miss Bessie was explaining to her betrothed, Frank Jewett, all about the new found relative.

"You must be very good to him, Frank," she was saying. "Of course, I know he is a horrid-looking old fellow, and he dresses like a scarecrow, and he's as stupid as a stick, and all that, but then he's rich, and we all want to keep on the good side of him. If it wasn't for that, we wouldn't have him in the house.

"But papa is going to let him make his home with us, and when he dies he will surely leave us all his money. And I won't be a particle surprised, if we keep in his good graces, if he would furnish our house for us from cellar to garret when you and I are married."

Was that a faint chuckle that came from the other side of the thick bank of ferns and palms?

One morning Uncle George failed to come down to breakfast. This was not an unusual thing, for Mrs. Leslie's avuncular relative was in the habit of taking long morning strolls, "just to brace up my appetite a bit," he would explain.

But when he failed to come back to lunch, to dinner—when night arrived and still no Uncle George—Mrs. Leslie began to be alarmed.

"I am afraid something has happened to him," she said to her husband. "He is not very well acquainted with the city. Who knows but he may have been robbed and murdered?"

So Mr. Leslie hunted up the chief of detectives and reported the mysterious disappearance. He described the missing man.

"Was the gentleman's right forefinger missing up to the middle joint?" asked the chief.

"Yes," replied Mr Leslie, wondering how the chief knew that fact.

"And he had a sort of innocent, rustic, modest air about him?"

"Yes, yes," said the other; "you have found him then?"

"No," replied the detective, with a quizzical smile, "but I wish I could. Is this his picture?" he asked, pointing to a photograph which he had selected from a large brown book.

"The very man," exclaimed Mr. Leslie. "Has anything happened to him? How did you come by this picture?"

"The gentleman has the distinction of having his photograph in the rogues' gallery," was the quiet reply.

"Rogues' gallery! Why, what do you mean?" gasped Mr. Leslie. "He is my wife's uncle."

"Can you prove that?" queried the chief.

"Why, yes—that is—well——," stammered the now thoroughly astounded man. New light was thrown on a thousand little circumstances of Uncle George's visit and actions.

"I tell you," continued the detective, pityingly, "this man is Louis Rebstone, one of the sharpest confidence men in the country, who makes a business of this sort of work. He has been missing for some time, and I suppose he has been out west, where he probably met the real Uncle George, and learned enough of your story to play his little game.

"If you search your house you will probably find that all your silverware, jewelry and money are gone, or at least as much of them as one man can carry away."

The chief's surmise was correct. The choice old family plate, Mrs. Leslie's jewelry and two hundred dollars which Mr. Leslie had taken in the day before after banking hours—all were gone; loss eight hundred dollars.

In their place was a little note pinned to one pillow of the bed lately occupied by the departed. It read:

"I must be off. Have enjoyed myself hugely. Sorry I can't leave you my vast fortune. No, Bessie, I am afraid I won't furnish your house from cellar to garret this year, if you did try to keep on the good side of your horrid-looking old Uncle George.

"P. S.—Good-bye."—*William Raynor in Titbits.*

Art and Artists.

AMONG the members at the meeting of the Canadian Royal Academy mentioned recently were: A. C. Hutchison and Mr. Brymner, Montreal; Homer Watson, Doon; O. R. Jacobi and M. Matthews, Toronto; J. W. Watts and Thomas Fuller, Ottawa, and Forshaw Day, Kingston. The committee chosen for selecting the Canadian works of art to be exhibited at the World's Fair were Harris, Brymner and Watson. The collection from which this selection will be made opens to the public on February 28 in the Montreal Art Gallery, Phillips square. The hanging will be arranged by Day, Watts, Watson and Harris. By resolution of the society the secretary was authorized to forward letters of condolence to Mrs. G. W. Storm and Mrs. Paul Peel.

The society showed a very healthy state of affairs financially, and declared a vacancy for an academician architect. The council increased the grant for the life classes in Toronto, Montreal and Ottawa to two hundred dollars. It is proposed to commence a class for study from the draped model on Saturday afternoon, in addition to the nude life class which meets every Saturday evening at the rooms of the O. S. A. These classes are under supervision of a committee which reports from year to year as to the progress of the work done and money expended. The afternoon classes will be free to students sufficiently advanced, by application to the professors of the Ontario Central School of Art.

The Art Students' League has issued a calendar and charming souvenir for '93. The cover is a gem, being printed in blue, mauve and gold, on a white ground. It was designed by Mr. A. H. Howard. The illustrations representing the different months were executed by Messrs. C. M. Manly, C. W. Jeffreys, J. Kelly, W. W. Alexander, W. Bengough, R Holmes and D. T. Thompson. Quotations are made on every alternate page from James McCarroll, Isabella Valancey Crawford, Charles Mair, W. W. Campbell, Seranus, Lampman, Bliss Carmen, Fidelas, Daniel Wilson and Charles G. D. Roberts. In the exhibition of sketches now in progress by the members of the League, one is gratified to observe the versatility of the work, and although the mediums used are similar, yet there is an individuality distinct in each study. Af er Ducks, Early Morning and Scarboro' (wash drawings) by J. Kelly, are nice in tone and have a dash in their handling. Near After Ducks is a pen and ink sketch of some old French houses, Point Levis, Quebec, by Miss Macklin, crisp and bright and nicely drawn. An Old Farm, by W. W. Alexander, is full of atmosphere, and the poplars are put in with a vigorous touch. Toronto Evening is the next picture, by Miss Palin, good in color but somewhat marred by a windiness. A Fox Terrier by the same artist on the opposite side of the room is also worthy of mention. J. W. Cotton has an old (battaux) boat hauled up in the reeds, which is clean in color, good in perspective and dashy in execution. J. W. Jeffreys, who is now an artist for N. Y. *Herald*, has some splendid work in water color, pencil and pen and ink. His sketches of Quebec and her environments with the old French *habitant*, are particularly good. A few fishing boats at Bronte on a shingly beach, in water, and a pencil drawing of Thorahill, by D. T. Thompson, are choice bits and very effective with little effort. Miss Hancock has some pretty water drawings and a water color of an old elm and outhouse. It is firm in handling but rather defective in sky. A Field Corner, pen and ink, by C. M. Manly and Among the Strawberries, A Ripe Meadow, and A Street Scene, Quebec, by the same artist, in wash, are capitally handled, good in drawing, light, shade and technique. On the south wall there are some American political campaign cartoons by W. Bengough, in his best vein. Miss Hegler has two water colors, The Old Bridge, Rosedale, being her best. The pen and ink work of Mr. R. Holmes is very fine, and his little notes for head and tail pieces and decorative work are the best in the exhibition. His puppies (pencil) in the west room are delightful studies. Old Cottage, Lambton Mills, in pen and ink and An Outhouse, in sepia, by Mr. F. Bridgen, show to advantage. The pencil drawings and pen and ink head and tail pieces of Mr. J. Jephcott show to great promise. H. Graham has three proof wood engravings, The Rehearsal, Niagara River, and Harvest after Dupre, which are beautifully cut, soft yet brilliant. A Yoke of Oxen, Calves in a Meadow, in oil, by O. P. Staples are sketchy and full of sunshine. A Quiet Read, Rocking and Children on a Grassy Lawn, oils, by Miss Adams, are clever but savor too much of the impressionist school. Mr. McKellar and Miss Spurr do not exhibit as good work as we have been in the habit of seeing from these artists, and W. D. Blatchley and A. H. Howard are conspicuous by their absence. Many of the members of the League are now residents of New York, including H. Graham, D. A. McKellar, J. W. Jeffreys, J. W. Bengough, J. Jephcott and Mr. Bland.

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Ernest E. Thompson's great picture, Awaited in Vain, which is on exhibition at J. E. Ellis', on King street, is attracting thousands of people, and all pronounce it a work of genius. There is some discussion as to whether it should be sent to the Columbian Exhibition as a specimen of Canadian art, for while critics agree that the treatment entitles it to every honor some few protest that the repulsive subject should condemn it. The very originality of the subject, the boldness of the conception and defiance of conventional rules make that picture the biggest popular success in the history of Toronto art. If it is not sent to Chicago the public will regard it as something worse than a blunder.

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T. Mower-Martin opened this week an exhibition of small water color drawings at his studio, 45 King street east They are designed for use as Christmas presents.

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In Mr. Reid's studio one is charmed with the unconventional way things are scattered about—lamps, rare vases, bright Turkish rugs, antique cabinets, clocks, snuff boxes, bric-a-brac of ideal beauty and color, worth a king's ransom—in short, everything that is excellent to the eye and beautiful to the senses is here. Sometimes you have to walk around an easel to get a glimpse of a gem that peeps out from a pretty bit of drapery, almost lost, with a chance of knocking down a larger picture, which no excuse in the world would fix if once defaced. One must be quiet, too, or he might put an end to The Country Courtship, weary the men Logging, spoil the fun of the Berry Pickers, disturb the Family Prayer or upset the interest of the Children in The Clockmaker, or stop the sweetest of melodies, The Mother's Lullaby, a picture, by the way, which was hung in a prominent place in the last Paris *salon* and illustrated in their catalogue.

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W. A. Sherwood, A. R. C. A., is painting a picture entitled Comrades, good in color and effective in handling.

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H. Spiers has opened a studio in the Millichamp Building, Adelaide street east.

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F. S. Challener, A. R. C. A., has the studio lately occupied by H. M. Russell, who has removed to the corner of Scott and Colborne streets.

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Mr. J. M. Kidd is fitting up a down-town studio at 9½ Adelaide street east.

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Mr. O. P. Staples has just completed a cosy studio at his residence, 39 McGill street.

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Next week we expect to publish a complete list of artists and their studios.

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In stating that Mr. Hahn had secured the contract for decorating the new Parliament buildings I was in error. Messrs. Elliott & Sons have the contract.

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Lord Stanley and party visited Galbraith's Academy of Art, McGill street, on Friday afternoon and expressed themselves very much pleased with what they saw and with the object of the institution. They were particularly taken with the pictures of Messrs. Reid and Forster, who are the lecturers of the new Academy. The applications from students have come in rapidly and large classes are already at work.

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On December 10, 11, 12 and 13 Mr. and Mrs. Reid will have an exhibition of all the pictures in their possession at the Mart, King street. The majority of these were painted this summer in the Catskill Mountains and should be viewed by everyone.

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T. H. Wilkinson read a paper entitled Hints on How to see Pictures in Nature, last Thursday night before the Hamilton Association, which was full of valuable suggestions and practical hints. The speaker confined himself entirely to the beauties and grandeur of Canadian scenery.

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On the evening of December 1 a few artists met at the residence of Mr. F. M. Bell-Smith and inaugurated a little art circle to be designated as The Palette Club. Some time in February next they purpose having an exhibition of their work. In the meantime they will visit each other's studios for social converse and mutual criticizing. It is announced that in forming this club no antagonism is intended to existing societies. The next little gathering of this club will be at Mr. L. R. O'Brien's.

VAN.

A Change of Opinion.

She (to her football playing lover)—You don't know how proud I feel, walking with you—you, the one who carried off the honors of the game!

He (as the honeymoon wanes)—But, dear, it is only a mere scratch.
She—I don't care! If you think I'm going to walk the streets with you, with your face all cut up in that manner, you are greatly mistaken, sir.—*Puck.*

The Horses of Europe.

Judge a country by its horses. In visiting the different countries of Europe we were constantly impressed by the practical utility of the horses. Every country has a national breed that they have for ages learned to consider the best of all breeds. The liberal importations from these countries have greatly improved the practical utility and value of our horses immensely; but large as these importations have been, it is but a drop in the bucket for the improvement of our fifteen million horses. We must continue to import more good draught and coach stallions and mares and carefully grade up to the required size, style and quality, the American draught horse as our national breed, to meet the requirements of modern industry and commerce.

France produces the light and heavy draught horses and the military horse, or, as we call them, coachers, all of which they have developed under government direction for more than a hundred years. A great many racing stables of thorough breds are maintained in France by the wealthy nobility as the horse of luxury for sporting; cheap ponies and donkeys are often used for milk and peddler carts by the peasants.

Belgium breeds chiefly the one horse—the Belgian draught and heavy draught horses—which they are so wedded to, from the nobility to the peasant, that they all believe them to be the best in the world. Dogs are extensively used for milk and vegetable carts.

Germany breeds chiefly army horses and small horses, has no draught breed, exports thousands of cheap small horses to England and France in exchange for hundreds of draught horses.

England, the great lover of good horses, has the greatest variety of horses. The shire is their great agricultural horse and the cart and lorry horse of the cities, the mares for the farm, the geldings in the streets. The hackney is the riding and harness horse, the Cleveland bay and the Yorkshire coach horse are the coach and business horses. The hunter is the military and hunting horse, and the thoroughbred is the racing horse; ponies and donkeys for the children and for mining.

Scotland has her one breed, Clydesdales, which they proudly believe to be the greatest work horse of the world; their agricultural horses are chiefly the mares and young horses, the geldings for the streets. A few hackneys have reluctantly been introduced. The harness horses are chiefly imported from North and South America, Germany and Russia.

Turkey and Arabia produce horses for hunting and racing, and for military use.

Russia has millions of small, cheap horses that need to be improved to meet the wants of civilization; they are great lovers of racing.

Italy produces only horses for racing and the army of inferior quality.

America is destined to be the great horse producing country of the world, collecting the best breeds of Europe to improve our native horses up to the standard of excellence of modern civilization to suit the markets of our own country and the European markets as well.

"Do you lead your class at college?"
"No," replied Sophomore; "but most of the faculty are after me."

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Styles Here and There.

THERE is no doubt a more exquisite charm in pure simplicity than in any amount of garniture, however artistically applied; an instance in illustration of this was seen at a public ball the other evening. The lady who furnished it had gowned herself in the richest white satin, with a plain trained skirt, and foot trimming of two airy ruffles separated by a pearl passementerie: the bodice was *en corselet* rich with the same pure gems, and the *tout ensemble* formed a picture to delight an artist. Velvet gowns and brocaded trains swept by in all their glory, but this sweet dress stood like a snowdrop in a bed of tulips; in gleam of satin and shimmer of pearls, the fair wearer was a relief to the mass of stiff and glowing millinery about her.

•

Talking of ball dresses, there has no such *furore* struck the ball-room for an age as the rage for velvet sleeves. Is your last summer's delaine a trifle *passee*? Get a couple of yards of pretty velvet, sew it up in two bags, fasten them into the armholes, shape a bias frill, lined with pretty silk, stretching into width over the shoulders, and narrowing before and behind for a *berthe*, and you are quite *a la mode* at little expense and trouble. The velvet sleeve is a feature of the dance, just as the Watteau bow was last season.

•

Gloves to match every possible shade of gown are to be had of the best *modistes*. From the palest heliotrope to the most sanguinary red, they range through every tint, and one of the fads of fashion is to have them precisely a match to the gown. Everyone knows how unbecoming a white kid glove is, and maids and matrons will be able for a while to decrease the apparent size of their hands by adopting gloves of various colors, less magnifying than the orthodox white.

•

The well worn tan glove is relegated to the back shelf. It has done its duty nobly, in and out of season, and we see no more, with faint and bootless protest, the winkled, unlovely, yellow-brown glove, worn with some dainty white or pink or lavender *chiffon* or satin gown. A very useful and fetching adjunct of the Empire gown is the granny pocket, a wee little bag drawn with and hung by ribbons, either over the arm or pinned under the belt. It holds only a lace kerchief, a tiny perfume sachet, and one's cloak check and programme, but isn't it a blessing to have some place to put these four things? For the Empire tea-gown, the ribbon of the granny bag is fastened under a rosette of medium size and fluffiness.

An enquiry has come for some handsome and stylish ideas for Christmas boxes. Well, the jeweled butterflies and stars and knots to pin on the voluminous velvet sleeves are in order, so are all kinds of pretty trifles in silver for the toilet table and the desk. For a whist player, I noticed a lovely set of silver counters, and for a reader, a very dainty chased paper knife and marker combined. An ornamental calendar holder, with months, days and dates on ivory, is rather a pretty thing for anyone who can remember to change the tablets every day. Another more suited to busy people holds a month in view at one time.

•

I must tell you about a paper wedding, which has been successfully celebrated. Two years it takes to have a paper wedding, and there should by rights be three people to celebrate it. There were at this one, at all events! In the first place, the invitations, printed on a sort of fine *crepe* paper, were the very daintiest things imaginable. They were so fine and light and flimy, and the small letters in gold were so neatly put on. The decorations of the *salon* and supper-room were all of paper flowers; the table drapes, and soft down scented cushions covered with *crepe* paper were on every wide chair and divan; long draperies of crinkled paper shut off snuggeries and alcoves; the electric lights were veiled in delicate paper shades covered with roses, violets, buttercups and all sorts of dainty flowers. The ice cream dishes, bon-bon holders, *serviettes* and even the plates were of paper. In the ladies' tiling room, a lovely toilet table was draped with heliotrope *crepe* paper. The mirror was also treated in the same way; bunches of violets, daintily perfumed, lay dark and natural here and there. The pin-cushion was paper, the cologne bottles were gathered into the prettiest *crepe* paper holders, the mats were of paper, and that table was just lovely! The curtains on the windows were also of lavender crinkled paper, like lovely silk *crepon*. "Number three" had his imperial sleeping nest curtained with *crepe* paper of pale blue and white and a paper coverlet with silver fringe. But there was no end to the paper marvels. One could scarcely believe the effect which can be produced with nothing but paper.

•

A New York tailor contributes some ideas for the men, poor fellows! How tame their fashions sound after ours, don't they? Long English frock coats reaching to the knee, or even below, and buttoned close and high, are as universally worn here as in London. They are put on at noon by men of fashion, and worn to afternoon entertainments, weddings, receptions, etc., as invariably as evening dress is donned for dinner. They are made of soft black Angora, with a vest of the same, and are worn with dark striped trowsers. With this suit is a white silk four-in-hand or an Ascot scarf, in which is thrust a pin of Oriental pearl. The large *boutonniere* is of white blossoms massed together, or at present a single chrysanthemum suffices. The buttoned shoe is have patent-leather foxing, and the gloves are pearl-colored kid. This is the correct dress for an usher at a day wedding, for the groom, best man, and also for guests, though tan and oak-colored gloves are worn in preference by many guests. Silk hats to wear with English frock-coats and evening suits have the wide English brim well rolled on the side, the curl half-round. The crowns, in hatters' parlance, are "considerably bell-shaped," and are of two depths, those for young men measuring six inches and a fourth, while those for older men are a quarter of an inch higher. The stiff felt Derby hat is made with the crown of four depths, five inches and a half, the medium height, being the most popular; brims are like those of silk hats. Seal and coffee-brown are the colors most worn. The soft hats called Alpine and Homburg have come into great favor for general wear in light shades of brown and in very dark green.

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As Christmas will soon be here the jewelers trays are filled with scarf-pins, studs, and buttons that will make appropriate gifts. Olivines, or green garnets, lighter than emeralds and with more life in them, are brought from the Ural Mountains, and, mounted in quaint shapes—lizards, parrots' heads, frogs, fishes, and bugs, all with diamond eyes—make most unique scarf-pins. Swords and Spanish rapiers with diamond hilts are smaller scarf pins than those now worn by ladies. Baroque pearls—fresh-water pearls of natural shape—are mounted fancifully, as their irregular shape may suggest, as daggers, torches, pipes, or as Indian arrow-heads, one quite black pearl being made to represent a hammer of the stone age, while another pin is a gavel of pearl, and still another pearl seems to be a miniature block of ice. Newer pins than the favorite pear-shaped Oriental pearl are a collection of small Oriental pearls thrown together in a close bunch; these are very effective. For colored stones a small fire-opal glowing in the midst of small white diamonds is very beautiful. Rose-diamond pins set in silver represent a quail, a fox, a rabbit, swallow, or dog, when chosen as gifts for men, while for ladies these little diamonds are set in heart-shape, with a *fleur-de lis* in the center, or as a crown or bow-knot. Amethysts of the deep royal purple shade in favor are brought from Siberia and set in gold and white enamel and in exquisite pierced-work. Among new pins is a gracefully formed Greek pitcher studded with tiny rubies, a champagne glass of rubies with diamonds, also an axe and an arrow-head of sapphires with diamonds. For men who love horses are very large crystal pins cut and painted at the back to represent famous horses, or a coach-and-four, a tandem, or a going-to-cover cart. Racing plates of Salvator and other favorite horses are copied in gold, with small diamonds for the nails. Other pins are a whiffletree of gold and platinum, a gold riding crop, a platinum bit, a coaching whip in diamonds and platinum, and a saddle or collar of gold. Flag scarf pins of gold enamel are in great variety; they represent the principal colleges, giving the college color and name, also many clubs, and, in anticipation of the Columbian Fair, flags of many nations have been the models for pins. Inexpensive gold pins, new this season, are of Chinese dragon, cobra and other serpent designs, also horses' heads, a dagger, a scimitar, and perhaps a brownie, or a rooster. Football pins represent the ball in gold with the college name enameled in true colors. Scarf holders also come in football shape, and in the flags of different clubs and countries. LA MODE.

For information thanks are due to Messrs. Wm. Stitt, J. E. Ellis and the Novelty Paper Work Co., Spadina avenue.

Individualities.

No Vassar girl has ever been divorced from her husband is the proud assertion of Vassar graduates.

A California woman has made over a hundred and fifty thousand dollars from a patent baby carriage.

Mr. Dennis F. Hanks, who died at Paris, Ill., a short time ago, in his ninety-fourth year, taught Abraham Lincoln to read and write.

Modjeska, the actress, converses in several languages, and is much interested in making a collection of works of the Elizabeian age.

The retired merchant of Haverhill who now owns Whittier's homestead, is willing to sell it if the purchasers will pledge themselves to preserve it permanently as a memorial of the poet.

A bronze statue of Columbus, the gift of the Italians of New Haven, has been erected on one of the public squares of that New England town.

Count Szapary, the Hungarian Premier, who has gone down in the recent storms which have been raging in Budapest, has been replaced as Minister-President by Dr. Alexander Wekerle, a man of some personal and political note.

Mme. Maurice Bernhardt has applied for a *separation des biens* from her husband, which does not at all mean that she has quarreled with her beloved Maurice, but that he has been speculating and she does not want her private fortune involved.

A donkey named Mirambo was Henry M. Stanley's chief reliance when passing through one of the most savage districts of Africa. At the explorer's word of command he would bray in the most stentorian manner, to the great alarm of the natives.

Mme. Sacher, the wife of a well known Vienn nese restaurateur, collects autographs by asking her guests to write their names in pencil on the tablecloth, which she afterwards embroiders. Her latest autographs are those of the long distance riders, including Duke Ernest of Schleswig Holstein, who dined at the restaurant after the event.

Ida Lewis, the lighthouse heroine, still cares for the Lime Rock Lighthouse, off Newport, R. I., where she lives alone with a gray cat and the sound of the waves for company. She has saved eighteen or twenty lives. Mrs. Martha White, of Copalis, in the State of Washington, has gained a similar name for courage. She went into the surf on a cold night in January and saved the lives of three sailors.

Everyone who handles the silver dollar may not know that the original of the Goddess of Liberty on that coin is Miss Anna Willess Williams of Philadelphia. She posed to Mr. George Morgan, the draughtsman and engraver, to whom had been committed the task of designing the coin. For some time after the issue of the dollar the model's identity was kept a secret.

The German Minister to Pekin has resigned his office because the emperor has refused to allow him official sanction for his proposed marriage to an American woman, a Miss Hart. A correspondent says: "It is due to the interference of Kaiser William that the permission to marry was withheld from Brandt. His majesty did not give any special reasons for his ukase, but he allowed it to be said in the official press that "No ambassador of his was permitted to marry an American."

Mrs. C. C. Candy of Denver lately made the descent of Pike's Peak on a bicycle, the first woman, and doubtless for some time the last, to venture on such a perilous undertaking. The descent occupied four hours and fifteen minutes. The daring cyclist had a dangerous fall from her wheel over a line of steep boulders, and encountered a pelting storm of rain and hail, but received no permanent injury from her unusual experience.

The application of ex-King Milan of Servia for the papers of a citizen of Roumania is due, according to a story published there, to his intention to marry a wealthy Roumanian woman. Milan hopes to enter the Roumanian army as Count Takova, the title which he has borne since his abdication. The young woman who is said to be the ex-ruler's choice is a distant relative of Mr. Catargi, the prime minister, and is reported to be worth twelve millions of dollars.

A marriage which has created considerable interest took place in Norway on November 11. The bridegroom was Dr. Sigurd Ibsen, only child of Henrik Ibsen, and the bride was Froken Bergljot Bjornson, eldest daughter of Bjornstjerne Bjornson. It is seldom that the children of two such men of genius are united in matrimony. The bridegroom's father was so busily engaged on his new drama that he could not leave his work. Dr. Sigurd Ibsen is a lawyer by profession and took his degree in Italy.

Dr. Nansen, the young Norwegian explorer, who, after his brilliant adventures in Greenland, is departing for a most perilous voyage to the North Pole, explained his plan in some detail to a great gathering at the Royal Geographical Society on November 14. His plan is a simple—indeed, a terribly simple—one. He will trust himself to the open sea, let himself be frozen in the vast fields of pack ice, and then, as he thinks, be carried by currents across the Pole and past it.

The Poet Tennyson's chief delight was not in the society of his fellows, but to sit in his quiet, secluded study, surrounded by choice books, and either to write at his table, placed by a small window overlooking a fine glen and purple wood, or to lounge by another window which opened on the terraces and framed a picture of beeches and hazels, the gray lines of undulating hills and the gleam of the distant sea. The poet's figure was bowed, and the once dark mass of hair was gray and fell back from a broad, high forehead; and he looked not unlike one of the heroes of his "Idyls."

Mrs. Lavina Fillmore of Clarence, N.Y., a cousin of Millard Fillmore, recently celebrated her one hundred and fifth birthday. She was born in Connecticut, but has lived in New York the greater part of her long life. She has never seen the telegraph or telephone in operation and never been on a railroad train or expressed any desire to do so. She is a constant reader of newspapers, and has read and re-read the Bible until she knows much of it by heart. She is in such good health that she has reasonable prospects of many years of life.

It's a bother Isn't it

this matter of Christmas boxes?

Wel, yes or no, just according to how you go about it; in the right way, decidedly NO—rather a pleasure.

No place like a well appointed jewelery store—like ours—for suggestions All "the seven ages" of both sexes provided for from a silver spoon, cup or rattle for the baby to a pair of gold spex, a gold or silver mounted umbrella for his grandsire.

Whilst our stock abounds in diamonds, fine watches and sterling silverware, it is also replete in novelties and conceits exactly suiting both your taste and purse for Christmas.

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Black Coney Capes, with storm collars, $8.50.
American Opossum Capes, high storm collars, $9.
Grey Opossum Capes, high storm collars, $9.
Natural Coon Capes, high rolling collars, $15.
Russian Sable Capes, high rolling collars, $18.
Alaska Sable Capes, No. 1 quality, $25.
Black Persian Lamb Capes, No. 1 quality, $33
Grey Lamb Capes, No. 1 quality, $18 50.
Black Hare Collarettes, 45c. 65c and $1
Black Opossum, patent storm collar, $3 75.
Black Opossum Muff, $2 50.
Brown Coney, patent storm collar, $3.
Blue Opossum Muff, $2 50.
Ladies' Grey Goat Boas, $1 50 and $2.
Children's White Boas, 25c, 50c, 75c.

Might as well save money on your purchase of furs as on any other article. That's our view.

We thought some time ago we was filled to overflowing with holiday goods, yet still they come. The basement is the home of mechanical toys, dolls, games and Xmas nick-nacks to no end.

Always keep in memory the mail order system of this store, which enables a shopper at any distance to order any article sold in the store.

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I can furnish the latest device of Postage Stamp Albums, in two varieties, at $2.50 and $3.50 each. Also 1,000 varieties used and unused postage stamps (all different) with hinges to assure, in placing in above, $10. Extra—1,500, $15; 2,000, $25. Write or see me for further particulars.
A. G. ALLISON, G. T. R., Union Station, Toronto.

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Specialty in fine Hair Switches, all made of long hair only—suitable and serviceable articles in Hair Goods for Christmas presents.
SELECTED STOCK.
High class French Extracts (odors) for handkerchiefs. Great choice of Toilet Powder and Boxes for Christmas presents. Select samples of hand-painted Sachets for handkerchiefs and gloves
Fashionable Hair Ornament
A greatly appreciated article by refined ladies for Christmas present. Real Tortoise Pins and Combs, fine cut shell, amber, jet, etc.
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The steel is extra quality, non-corrosive, metal tipped, securely stitched and fastened in a covering of superior sateen. Can be relied on not to stain, cut through at the ends, or become detached.
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They are the Best
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Thanksgiving is over. This means that Christmas, too, will soon be here, but it means much more than this. It means that every day from now on to that greatest event of the year both our stores will be filled with the finest goods at the most astonishingly close prices. To see read the following quotations:
Copper-bottom tea-kettles, No. 8, 50c; No. 9, 40c; splendid, well made copper bottom No. 8 boiler, 92c, regular price $1 75. Elegantly painted and gold banded, strongly made coal scuttles, medium size, 19c; large, 24c; large, with funnel, 35c. Stove boards, 24c.
The Comet flour sifter, only 14c. Mrs. Potts' best polished irons, 65c.
Eddy's best tube, three sizes, 55c, 64c. and 74c., worth 75c., $1, and $1 25.
Wooden bowls, 8c., 10c., 15c., etc., up to 45c. for a very large one.
Eddy's celebrated matches, 10c. per box; parlor, 5c., boxes for 5c.
A Royal Canadian or Royal Dominion clothes wringer, fully warranted, only $5.69; three sizes; bronze, best green broom (corn), 15c; 6 doz clothes pins, 5c.
Baby's own soap, 10c. per cake; Fahkind borax, 2 cakes 10c; Gem conquer, 5c.; Castile, 6c. cake; Wolfe's acme shoe polish, 10c.
Finely cloth bound books of the works of all the great authors, 19c.; paper covered books, 5c. and 7c.; Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, $1.25.
Note paper, 7c. for 24 sheets; good square envelopes, 4c. per package.
Mc and ol games—Halma, parchesi, "Go Bang!" Loulou, etc., from 44c. up to 85c., usually sold for from $1 to $1.50. Open evenings. Come and inspect our fine stock
W. H. BENTLEY

BARBOUR'S
Linen Threads
BARBOUR'S IRISH FLAX THREAD
UNEQUALLED FOR ALL PURPOSES

Around Town.

Continued from Page One.

whelming majority the advice which he proposed to repeat and the legislators he knew would entirely disregard his suggestions, the defeated President did his duty as gracefully as any man could have done it under the circumstances and stuck to the old Republican ship even after it had gone on the rocks. With the object apparently of making it as difficult as possible for his successor, he advised all sorts of retaliatory measures against Canada and Canadian railways. Reading his speech one is led to believe that Canada plays a much more important part "in this continent to which we belong" than the Reform newspapers of this Dominion would have us believe. In fact, he seems afraid that we will slip across the line some dark night, steal the United States and bring it home with us in a Canadian Pacific car. However, there is no danger that the next Congress will abrogate what they see fit to term our "bonding privileges." I wish again, as I have often wished before, that these alleged "privileges" were denied us. The next day after such an event Canada would set itself in motion to have a fast steamship line, and inside of six months we would prove that we can live without their pesky little "favors." Had President Harrison been re-elected, I have not the slightest doubt that in the five weeks that have passed the Canadian Pacific Railway would have found an outlet for its freight on our Atlantic coast, and steamers would now be under way to carry it across the sea. If all the Canadian freight and passengers which now help to swell the earnings of Yankee railways were to be withdrawn, if our business men ceased to buy goods in New York and Boston, it would go to the upbuilding of the Dominion, and the United States would suffer much more than we could.

DON.

Do not fail to read Joseph Hatton's great story.

The Country Courtship

On our first page this week is a reproduction of Mr. G. A. Reid's latest oil painting, The Country Courtship. The original occupies a canvas about seven feet high and four or five wide, and will be among Mr. and Mrs. Reid's pictures on exhibition at The Mart to-day and until next Wednesday. Mr. Reid is essentially an originator in his art. His pictures are not studies but stories, and he not only paints man but strives to put human nature on canvas. An oil painting always loses some of its finer effects in passing through the hands of the photographer and the engraver, so that our reproduction does not show all the faithful lights and shades in the fire-place and on the two figures. For all that, the engraving on the first page is an excellent bit of work and shows that the original is a work of art. The figure of the young man who stands bashfully twirling his hat, his tongue stumbling and tripping in its endeavors to tell the girl something nice, is most cleverly done. The picture is worth seeing and possesses attractions for those who never saw an oil painting before as well as for those who are keen judges of art.

Don't miss the beginning of Under the Great Seal.

Our New Serial Story.

Last week we commenced Joseph Hatton's new story Under the Great Seal, and this week we preface chapters three and four with a brief synopsis of the two preceding chapters. This is a story of the early days of Newfoundland, with the scene afterwards shifting to Russia, and should be read by everyone, both because of its excellence as a piece of fiction and because of the instructive sidelights it throws upon the history of our sister colony. The French shore problem is still unsolved, but the story shows how in the early days British seamen exercised a despotic sway on the island. Historical fiction impresses dates on the public mind and exemplifies the conditions of past life in a manner that any other form of reading or style of instruction entirely fails to do. Those who read the story recently concluded in these columns by G. A. Henty, entitled In the Days of the Mutiny, will always retain some knowledge of that stirring epoch in India. Under the Great Seal is equally instructive and fascinating and we consider it alone worth the price of subscription to this paper.

Start reading Hatton's story this week.

Social and Personal.

A very pleasant paper chase was run last Saturday afternoon over a course laid by Mr. Fred Beardmore, who took the part of the hare. The start was from Davisville at three o'clock, and he gave them some pretty fast going for a couple of hours. Among those present were: Mrs. Arnoldi, Mrs. Wiman, Miss Beardmore, Miss Cawthra, Lieut. Laurie, Messrs. George Beardmore, E. Bristol, J. B. McLean, W. A. Leys, F. Beardmore, E. Cronyn and John Leys.

An interesting little tea was given last week by the Misses Strickland of Grange road. Among those present were: The Misses Morphy, Miss Gildersleeve, the Misses Cayley, the Misses Hugel, Miss Grasett and Miss Amy Boulton, Mr. Robertson, Mr. A. Bedford Jones, Mr. G. Heward, Mr. Herman Boulton, Mr. Nunn, Mr. Hedley and Mr. Clarence Bogart.

Miss Fennell of Berlin, who has been visiting Mrs. George Shaw of 496 Ontario street, left on Tuesday morning for Montreal.

The Osgoode Hall At Home is fixed for January 20, and a very pleasant time is expected.

Dr. R. McGee of Midland was in town last Monday.

Mr. William Shaw of Walkerton, who has been for the last two years in Mexico, has returned, looking as if the South agreed with him.

I am told that our gallant Premier, Sir Oliver Mowat, has moved a resolution to admit ladies to the Law Society.

Mrs. Gilbert Gordon's tea on Saturday last was most enjoyable. A large number of ladies and an unusual proportion of gentlemen were present, among whom I remarked: Professor and Mrs. Cameron, Professor and Mrs. Squair, Mrs. Mowat, Mrs. Denison, Mr. W. B. McMurrich, Rev. C. Gordon, Dr. and Mrs. Gordon of College street, and Miss Fraser.

A pleasant dance was given on Tuesday last at the residence of Mr. Fred Foster, at which a large number were present.

The Athenæum Club were At Home to members and their friends last Saturday evening, when a most pleasant time was spent in dancing to the music of Glionna's orchestra. The fencing class gave an interesting exhibition in the gymnasium.

Mrs. A. A. Helliwell, of No. 6 Wellington place, will receive on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday of next week.

Mr. George Bruenech's exhibit of pictures last week attracted a great many people, and the dainty coloring and lovely work of this clever artist were much admired. A large number of pictures were sold, which will add interest and beauty to many a modish *salon* in Toronto's handsome homes.

Several echoes of the St. Andrew's ball came to my ears after the paper had gone to press last week, touching tones both grave and gay. Miss Nairn, whose fleet-footed dancing is such a treat to watch, was prevented from joining in the reel by illness. Mrs. Woods was a lovely picture in pure white satin and pearls. Miss Grace Arthurs was much admired. Mrs. Charles Reid of Isabella street wore a beautiful gown of satin brocade, with ostrich feather and lace garniture; Miss Catto, cream bengaline and baby ribbons.

Mrs. George Mason of Harr Hall will be At Home on next Tuesday evening. The evening's amusement will include dancing, when the popular Government House Waltz, the composition of the daughter of the house, will no doubt form the *piece de resistance.*

A lovely musical and elocutionary programme was presented at the recital by Miss Marguerite Baker, at the Y. W. C. Guild, McGill street, last Monday evening. Miss Edith J. Miller sang charmingly; Mr. Malcolm Sparrow also contributed songs, and Miss Baker gave some most delightful and artistic recitations, covering a range of sentiment, pathos and humor sufficient to prove her a very clever elocutionist. Longfellow, Carleton, Tennyson, Dickens, Arnold, Miller and Bryant were interpreted by this versatile lady.

A very numerously attended tea was given by Mrs. Homer Dixon of The Homewood on Saturday afternoon last. It was a regular society crush, and everyone seemed to be there. Among those present I remarked: Mrs. Kirkpatrick, Mrs. Dobell, Mrs. Langmuir, Mrs. Cockburn, Miss Jarvis, the Misses Seymour, the Misses Ferguson, Mrs. A. M. M. Kirkpatrick, Mrs. Dunsford, Mrs. William Nattrass, Mrs. Edgar, Mrs. Hume Blake, Mrs. F. Osler, Mrs. Goldwin Smith, Miss Crooks, Colonel and Mrs. Dawson, Mrs. Charles O'Reilly, the Misses Beatty, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Mason, Mrs. Drayton, Mrs. W. H. Howland, Mr. and Mrs. Fleming, Col. and Mrs. Davidson, Capt. and Mrs. Hay, Mrs. Wood and Mrs. Ross Robertson.

Cards are out for a tea to be given by Miss May Hoskins of Deer Park this afternoon. Miss Hoskins is one of the season's *debutantes* and will make a most winning hostess.

Another pleasant tea is on this afternoon from five to eight o'clock, at 79 Pembroke street, the home of Mrs. S. Frank Wilson, which is sure to be largely attended by Mrs. Wilson's extended circle of friends.

Everyone is glad to know that the Old Englyshe Fayre was such a grand financial, as well as artistic, success, over four thousand dollars having been cleared.

The Wanderers' Ball is fixed for the 27th of January. This dance will no doubt, if that were possible, eclipse the very charming event of last season.

The Misses Webb of Brighton are visiting their brother, Mr. A. E. Webb, 209 Jarvis street.

The Orpheus Society held their first rehearsal on Tuesday week in the Conservatory music hall. The work which is to be given first by this society is Rossini's William Tell. Enough was gone over during the evening to make the singers enthusiastic. Many of Toronto's best singers are prepared to devote their Tuesday evenings to this work, and a very enjoyable winter's work is looked forward to by the members and conductor.

Mr. and Mrs. John K. Macdonald of Charles street celebrated their silver wedding on Monday last by a reception. The harpers discoursed sweet music, and a bounteous supper was served. At the close of the reception Revs. D. J. Macdonnell, McTavish and Septimus Jones made short congratulatory speeches, which were replied to by the host and bridegroom in a most beautifully worded and touching response. Among the guests were: Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Edgar, Mr. and Mrs. Kingstone, Dr. and Mrs. McFarlane, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander, Mr. and Mrs. McLean Howard, Miss and Mr. Allan Heward, Mr. and Mrs. D. J. Macdonnell, Mrs. Ross Robertson and Miss Holland, Mr. and Mrs. Wyld, Mr. and Mrs. Campbell Macdonald, Mrs. Jarvis, Mr. and Mrs. Beau Jarvis, Mrs. Robert Baldwin, Mr. and Mrs. Jarvis, Miss Wadsworth, Dr. and Mrs. Johnson, Professor and Mrs. Hirschfelder, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Alley, and many others.

Miss Edwards of Ottawa is visiting Mrs. Irving Cameron.

A pleasant evening was spent on Friday of last week by the Gwynne Literary Society and a number of their friends at the residence of Mrs. Frank L. Nelson, 124 Yorkville avenue. Mr. Charles Wilson occupied the chair during a very interesting debate on the respective charms of life in Canada and the United States. Messrs. Long and Hulburt for the affirmative and Messrs. Coulter and S. A. Paterson for the negative ably presented the question. Mrs. Wilson made a most charming hostess and her guests appreciated her efforts for their entertainment.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred W. Gibbs, child and nurse, of Toronto, are at the Hotel Metropole, London. Mr. Gibbs, who has been residing for the past few months in New York city, will return to Toronto in the course of a few weeks and will resume his grain business in the Toronto Board of Trade. Mrs. Gibbs will remain abroad for several months, and will then return to Toronto to reside permanently.

The engagement of Mr. Douglas Cameron and Miss Edwards is announced.

Mrs. Alex. Robertson of Markham street gives a tea next Thursday.

A most enjoyable At Home was given by Mrs. Chester D. Massey at her residence, Eric Villa, Jarvis street, on Saturday from 4 to 7.30 p.m. The house was beautifully decorated for the occasion, and music was furnished by an orchestra. Mrs. Massey received her guests in a pretty gown of old-rose bengaline with jewel trimmings. She was assisted by Miss Massey, Mrs. W. E. H. Massey, Mrs. Harry Watson, and Miss Warwick of Galt. Among those present I noticed: Mrs. Ed. and Miss Gurney, Mrs. J. Kerr Osborne, Mr. and Mrs. Jones, Miss Jones, Miss Treble, Mrs. Clark, Dr. and Mrs. Aikins, Mrs. Skinner, Mrs. and Miss Wilkes, Dr. and Mrs. J. J. Withrow, Miss Withrow, Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Massey, Mrs. Shenston, Mrs. Elmore Harris, Dr. and Mrs. J. B. Hall, Mrs. and Miss Carrick, Mrs. Geo. Gooderham, and many others.

A very lovely party was that given by Mr. H Irish, to a large number of his young friends, some of whom are not yet full-fledged society people. Among the scores of pretty faces I remarked: the Misses Dixon, Brown, R. Campbell, Philps, Lauda Gale, Mabel Eckhart, Maud Scales, Louie Wood, Mary Long, Taylor, Heward, Carrie Rowland, Dyas, Wylie, Smith, Phemie Smith, McKinnon, Haugh, Messrs. Thompson, Robertson, Grey, Bendelari, Ivey, Stovel, Dyas, Chandler, Bremner, Cox, Clark and Johnson.

Mr. W. O. Forsyth gave a piano recital and lecture on piano playing in Hamilton, on November 24, which was most highly commented on by the Hamilton papers and musical people, his playing revealing a beautiful touch, delightful tone quality and superb finish. He also gave a recital in Moulton Ladies' College on December 2, being assisted by Miss Smart, soprano, and his pupils, Miss Lailey and Miss Van Etten. Miss Gurney was the accompanist.

The Grand saw many fine audiences this week, who laughed till their sides ached at the unfortunate Joseph, who, being born good, had badness forced upon him. I really don't think, even at the Private Secretary, that we ever so far forgot society decorum or indulged in such open hilarity. In fact, in one scene it was easily seen that the infection had extended to the stage, for when Reuben Fax made his *entree*, dressed to conquer some illusive ballet dancer, his *vis-a-vis* was so tickled that it was a perceptible moment before he could speak the necessary greeting. How we laughed, old and young, at his dilemma. Among the audience I noticed: Mrs. Henry Cawthra, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Brock, Hon. Frank and Mrs. Smith, Dr. and Mrs. McFarlane, Miss Bond, Mr. and Mrs. Rose, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Duggan, Dr. and Mrs. Cameron, Mr. Douglas Cameron, Miss Edwards, Mr. and Mrs. Pellatt, Mr. and the Misses Gunther and many other well known faces. The Foresters last week also attracted many stylish people, who appreciated the refined and tuneful music and the very pretty faces of the leading ladies. I heard a good many compliments paid to the handsome Robin Hood and the limber Little John by the matinee audience, which comprised many enthusiastic maidens.

Mrs. Langmuir entertained a number of friends at dinner on Thursday evening.

Mrs. Reid's address should have been stated as 391 Wellesley street, instead of 39, as in last week's paper.

Mr. T. H. Eagen held one of his periodical *musicales* at his residence, 80 Grange avenue, on Monday evening last, at which about forty of his gentleman friends were present.

Mrs. Pearce of Beverley street left this week for Nassau, W. I., to spend the winter months.

I am very glad to hear that Mrs. Croil, who has been dangerously ill for some time, is now making progress toward convalescence. Her bright face has been missed from many a pleasant party.

So far as the attendance goes, the success of the Marriage Dramas caused no one any uneasiness after last Thursday. A crowd thronged the box office and the seats for the opening night sold like hot cakes. If the Grenadiers and the Kilties do as well as the Queen's Own, a rich harvest will be reaped. It is going to be a most delightful and interesting entertainment.

A very pleasant evening was given by the Literary and Scientific Society of Trinity Medical School last night at their college on Spruce street. The programme included the names of Mrs. Garratt, Miss Glover, Miss Blair, Miss Wetherald, Miss Scoley and several gentlemen as well known and popular as the foregoing ladies.

A banquet was tendered to Mr. W. T. Paterson, Q.C., at the Rossin House, on Thursday evening by his Forestric friends prior to his departure to take charge of the work of the I. O. F. in Great Britain.

The French Club had a crowded *soiree* at the residence of Miss Ellis, 593 Sherbourne street, last Saturday evening. A paper by a Parisian professor, describing the *salon* painting, Awaited in Vain, was read by M. Quesnel. The club meets this evening at 152 Bloor street west.

Miss Fairy Atkinson of Chatham, who is visiting in Toronto, was an admired guest at Mrs. Mulock's dance.

The *bal poudre* at Gore Vale, which took place last Tuesday evening, was a most lovely and select affair. The bright and piquant faces of the prettiest girls in Toronto were rendered still more charming by the soft powdered puffs and braids with which the order of the night crowned them. Miss Bickford looked most lovely and, as the attendants at the Olde Englyshe Fayre will recollect, became her antique *coiffure poudree* to perfection.

The series of tableaux and pantomimes representing the gradual evolution of the wedding ceremony from the earliest ages to the present day, and which is known by the title of Marriage Dramas, is the topic of interest in a large and fashionable circle this week. The Dramas will be presented on next Thursday, Friday and Saturday at the Grand Opera House for the benefit of that noble institution, the Homœopathic Hospital. The different tableaux have been given in charge to different ladies for direction and management under the supervision of Miss Allan, the proprietress of the affair, and her assistant, Mr. Louis Breen. The tableaux will be presented in the following order: 1. The capture, the chaperones of which are Mrs. Bouchette Anderson and Mrs. Reginald Northcote. 2. The purchase, which will be under the care of Mrs. Maurice Macfarlane. 3. The Jewish Marriage, chaperoned by Mrs. R. B. Hamilton and Mrs. Charles Nelson. 4. The Roman wedding, in the care of Madame D'Auria and Mrs. Walter H. Lee. 5. The Indian rite, chaperoned by Mrs. J. B. Hall and Mrs. J. H. Walker. 6. The Russian wedding, under the direction of Mrs. (Dr.) Tyrrell and Miss Amy Mason. 7. The Dutch wedding, Mrs. E. M. Chadwick and Mrs. Alexander Robertson. 8. The Japanese wedding, where the little Yum-Yum's and Nanki Poo will be looked after by Mrs. Walker, and lastly, the elopement, which represents the Gretna Green wedding, and which is most appropriately independent of chaperonage, being under the management of the Misses Shanly. The whole entertainment is under the distinguished patronage of the Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Kirkpatrick, Lady Gzowski and Lady Macpherson. A very nice arrangement has been made whereby each evening's performance will be directly encouraged by our gallant volunteer regiments in rotation, the Q. O. R. being present in full force on Thursday in uniform, the Grenadiers on Friday, and last, but by no means least, the bonnie Kilties will be out in their brave garb on Saturday. At the Saturday matinee the Upper Canada College boys will be the patrons, and a friendly rivalry will no doubt be the rule as to which night can secure the finest audience. It is for a meritorious object, and one which appeals to all hearts, for many a poor sufferer will be the better for the new hospital. Toronto people are noted for their liberality and goodness of heart, and I hope to chronicle a fine harvest of shekels from the Marriage Dramas as a Christmas gift to the new hospital. The names of the performers, so far as is at present decided, are as follows: In the Marriage by Capture—Misses D. N. Dunstan, Helen C. Smith, Flossie M. Mills, Georgie A. Scott, Helen Pemberton, Messrs. Lee, Pemberton, Louis Breen. In the Marriage by Purchase—Mrs. Jack King, Misses King, Lee, M. Lee, May Bastedo, Tiney Smith, Macfarlane, Ellis, Ross, Katie Peters (on block), McKinnon, Maude Scales, Mathilde Chopitea, the Misses Berry, Messrs. Chas. Lee, Rex Stovel, George Bastedo, Ernest Matthews, Tom Wilson, F. Macintosh, Albert Taylor, Cecil Brown, George Wheeler, George Tower. In the Ancient Jewish Ritual—Misses Trounce (bride), Darby, Kirtland, Robinson, Mrs. Alfred Denison (attendants), Miss C. Brown (dancer), Mr. A. J. Stringer (groom), Messrs. F. H. Gray and S. H. Jones (best men), Mr. Ernest Thompson (rabbi); Misses F. H. Darby, Trounce, B. McDermid, Messrs. S. A. Marvin, F. M. Pellatt, H. P. Darby, W. J. Darby, J. E. Thompson, S. E. Cunningham, J. Pearson, R. Saunders, C. A. Ross, F. Bendelari, H. Irish, W. Stewart, Master C. Capon, H. Green, C. White, B. Murray, George Lamont, Fred Lamont. In the Roman ceremony—Misses Laura MacGillivray, Mary Anglin, Madelaine Falconbridge, Bertha Sargent, Lillian Roper, Mrs. Anthony, the Misses Mathews, Miss Stocking, (dancers); Misses May Hughes, Stella Morton, Louie Chadwick, Nettie Williams (musicians); Mrs. Walker, Mrs. Helurich, Miss Laura Sturrock (bride), Mr. E. Mathews (groom), four torch boys. In the Indian wedding—Miss Mamie Smith (Pocahontas), Mr. M. Lowndes (John Rolfe), Mr. Louis Breen (Indian Chief), Mr. Towers (Colonial Governor), Mr. Charles C. Hall (raw hunt), Miss Olive Walker (dancer), Mrs. J. H. Dixon, Misses G. Foster, McDermid, Lowndes, Langstaff, Alice Wallace, May Bostwick, Lamport, Marjorie Morrison, Hazel Headley, Lily Fisher, Dr. Acland Oronhyatekha, Messrs. H. L. Watt, R. Stovel, Bull, W. C. Thompson, Macdougall, Arnold Ivey, Arty Bendelari, Percy Ivey, Alfred Terrill. In the Russian wedding—Miss May Walker (bride), Misses Burns, Canniff, McLean Howard, Lash, Mason, Beddoe, Messrs. Canniff, F. Wilson, J. Wilson, Ketchum, Davies, Minty, Hay. In the Dutch wedding—Mr. George H. Dunstan (groom), Miss Smith (bride), Mr. George R. Sweeney (piper), Miss Dottie Lamont (dancer),

Continued on Page Thirteen.

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Hamilton.

Hamilton's *élite* turned out *en masse* at Rowanhurst on Thursday evening, when Mr. and Mrs. Lucas had the pleasure of introducing their eldest daughter, Miss Constance, to society. The house presented a beautiful appearance. The large hall was prettily decorated with large palms and off this opened the drawing-room and dancing-room. The former was very artistic, having festoons of cheese-cloth round the walls and bunches of maiden hair fern and autumn leaves dotted here and there, giving a finished effect. The veranda was also decorated with flags and portieres, and had electric lights with colored shades put in for the occasion, and this of course was a favorite retreat during the evening. Mrs. Lucas wore a Parisian gown of exquisite heliotrope brocade, with duchess lace and necklet of emeralds and rubies. The beautiful young *debutante* wore a white satin with dotted *mousseline de soie* and corsage of cut pearl trimming and carried a huge bouquet of white roses with a beautiful necklet pendant of pearls. The gowns of the guests were extremely unique and handsome. One that excited much admiration was that worn by Mrs. Frank Mackelcan, being of white striped moire and silver trimmings. It was the handsomest gown in the room. Mrs. Hendrie wore a beautiful and becoming gown of white and silver brocade and carried a bouquet of white hyacinths and violets; Miss Hendrie wore an empire gown of pink and white muslin; Miss Tina Hendrie wore a handsome white silk gown with golden-brown velvet sleeves; Miss Erie Turner's gown of blue gauze and olive-green velvet was much admired; Mrs. Beddoe of New York, a charming visitor to Hamilton for the winter, was becomingly gowned in white and pink brocade and large *chiffon* sleeves, with diamond stars in hair; Mrs. George Thomson wore white silk; Mrs. J. J. Stuart wore a handsome gown of black with white boa; Mrs. Bankier was attired in a becoming gown of black *crepe* with jet trimmings; Mrs. Henry McLaren wore a handsome lace gown of black and red; Mrs. F. W. Gates wore a gown of black and silver; Mrs. J. M. Young looked well in primrose and black velvet; Mrs. Turnbull's costume of white silk with jet trimming was very becoming; Miss Agnes Hobson looked well in yellow silk and white lace; Miss Jean Hobson, in pink silk and brown velvet, was much admired; Miss Leggat's gown of *eau de-nil* with claret velvet *fete* ribbons was *chic;* Miss Nora Armstrong of Cobourg was one of the belles of the evening, in pale blue and white striped moire; Miss Lottridge wore a cream gown of corded silk with jeweled trimming; Miss Dunlop wore a gown of yellow and brown silk; Miss McInnes looked well in pink; Miss Gussie McInnes wore a gown of mauve and brown silk and velvet; Miss Lucy looked *chic* in white; Miss Gartshore, pale green velvet; Miss Sophie Ridley, white; Miss Bessie Bruce, white silk gown; Miss Barker, black lace; Miss Eva Watson looked sweet in *eau de nil* silk. Among the guests were: Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Young, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Bruce, Mr. and Mrs. Barker, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Stuart, Mr. and Mrs. F. Mackelcan, Mr. and Mrs. Harold Lambe, Mr. and Mrs. W. Beddoe, Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Gates, Mr. and Mrs. McLaren, Mr. and Mrs. George C. Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. Morris, Misses Leggat, Watson, McInnes, Hobson, Gunn, Ridley, Dunlop, Lottridge, Barker, Baker, Hamilton, Gartshore, Hendrie, Mills, Roe, Turner, M. and D. Turner, Bruce, Mrs. Wright, Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Steele, Mr. and Mrs. Bristol, Miss Ramsay, Mr. and Mrs. Logie, Messrs. Ramsay, Greening, Southam, Gartshore, Davidson, Pottinger, Park, McInnes, Brown, Gates, H. Gates, G. Gates, Harvey, Macpherson, Leggat, Fearman, Zealand; and Messrs. Wyatt, Cawthra, Beardmore, McCarthy, Matthews (Toronto) were among the gentlemen present.

Miss Lottridge gave a charming tea on Saturday in honor of her guest, Miss Armour of Cobourg. Among those present were: Misses Harvey, Roach, Leggat, Turner, Gartshore, Hendrie, Gillies, Fuller, Dunlop, Bell, Bull, Lucas, Watson, Grant, Sanford, Moore, Crerar, Turner and others.

Miss Baker had the meeting of the walking party at her home on Saturday, and at five o'clock the following were present: Mesdames Mackelcan, Robertson, Morris and Thomson; Misses Mills, Faulkner, Barker, O'Reilly, Dewar, Dunlop, Roe, Hobson, Bruce, McInnes and Curtis; Messrs. Dewar, Gates, Baldwin, Burns, Gillespie and Bruce.

Mrs. T. H. Stinson is the guest of Mrs. Jarvis, Toronto.

An afternoon whist club has been started here by a number of ladies who prefer scientific amusement to afternoon teas and other functions. The club met at the residence of Mrs. Turnbull last Monday and had two hours' good play. Among those present were: Mesdames Leggat, Young, W. T. Ramsay, Hendrie, Burton, Gibson, Jones, Bankier and Morrison.

Mr. Wyatt of Toronto was the guest of Mrs. Huzh C. Baker, Herkimer street, last Friday.

Mr. Cawthra and Mr. Matthews of Toronto were the guests of Mrs. Hendrie, Holmstead, last week.

Mr. Beardmore spent a few days in town, the guest of Mr. Moreton, Main street.

Mr. Walters of the S. S. Brittanica spent Sunday in town, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Skinner.

Miss Barker gave a small tea on Monday afternoon in honor of Miss Armour of Cobourg. Those present were: Mrs. Harry Robertson, Misses Turner, Hobson, Baker, Mills, K. Mills, Hendrie, Lottridge, Grant, May, Mills, Dunlop, Ridley, Robinson, Martin. Some delightful instrumental music was given by Miss Ridley.

Mr., Mrs. and Miss Lottridge left on Wednesday for New York for a short visit.

SYLVIA.

Belleville.

Mrs. Lyons Biggar's popularity as a hostess was fully evinced by the large number of guests who responded to her invitation to a whist party on Friday evening. Some ten tables were utilized for whist, while those who were not experts in the intricacies of the game found ample opportunity for quiet conversation in the cosy corners and alcoves which Mrs. Biggar's thoughtfulness had curtained off here and there where least expected. The beautiful residence was handsomely decorated in pink and white, the refreshment buffet and tables looking particularly lovely under masses of pink and white chrysanthemums. Among those present were: Mrs. Bell, Mr. and Mrs. J. P. C. Phillips, Col. and Mrs. Lazier, Mr. and Mrs. Hulme, Mr. and Mrs. Cosby, Mr. and Mrs. Hope, Mr. and Mrs. Lambton Sewell, Mrs. May, Mrs. and Miss Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Northrop, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas S ewart, the Misses Lister, Mrs. Leach, Mr. and Mrs. McCuaig, the Misses Chandler, the Misses Kelso, Mr. and Miss Wells, Mr. Lawson, Mr. Parker Thomas, Mr. Denmark, and Mr. Mussen. While all the costumes were very elegant, yet some were remarkably handsome, among which were Mrs. Biggar's gown of "ashes of roses" satin with embroidered *lisse berthe* and sleeves and bouquet of violets, which greatly enhanced her pretty blonde beauty; Mrs. Phillips' empire gown of white silk with white and silver gauze; Mrs. Cosby's black lace, Mrs. Sewell's striped gray silk with deep falls of black lace, Mrs. Hope's old-rose surah *en traine* with black net and jet trimmings and pink chrysanthemums; Mrs. Wilson's black gown with body and sleeves of silver gauze and jet corselet; Miss Wilson's costume of pale blue surah and *crepe* with pink roses; Miss Kelso's with Liberty gown with emerald-green velvet sleeves, and Mrs. McCuaig's elegant gown of black velvet with pale blue stripes and jet trimmings.

On Monday evening Miss Maude Hamilton gave a dancing and euchre party at The Maples, in honor of Miss Barker of Huntley street, Toronto. The house was prettily decorated with flowers and palms, over which the myriads of pink candles threw a beautiful, soft light. Euchre was indulged in until eleven o'clock, when refreshments were very daintily served, after which the lovers of the terpsichorean art enjoyed themselves until one a.m. Miss Hamilton, always a charming hostess, was very pretty in pale blue silk, while Miss Barker looked sweet and dainty in cream and gray *crepe.* Among those present were: Misses Carman, Corby, Walker, Beasie Stinson, Helen Kelso, Barker, Mabel Burdette, Hilda Frost, May Clarke, Maud Wilson, and Messrs. Laidlaw, Dupuis, Moore, Armstrong, Jellett, Stewart, Hulme, Thomas, Bowell, Ponton and Parker.

Cards have been issued for a dance at Mrs. T. S. Carman's on Monday evening.

Miss Biggar returned home Saturday evening from a visit to Toronto and Woodstock.

A junior euchre club has formed with the following ladies and gentlemen as members: Misses Frost, Kelso, Clark, Wilson, Burdette, Corby, Hamilton, Walker, Carman, Thomson, and Messrs. Hulme, Thomas, Bowell, Ponton, Parker, Moore, Stewart, Dupuis, Laidlaw, Armstrong, Jellett, and Mussen. The club will meet each Monday evening, and we wish the club every success in its social career.

P. J. O'Rourke, barrister, of Trenton, was in the city during the past week on legal business.

Mr. J. D. Campbell of Trenton was the guest of Miss Tammadge of Hotel street on Tuesday last.

BETSEY.

Whitby

Not for years has society in Whitby shown such life and variety of entertainment as it has this season. There has been a continued run of bright and lively house parties, a delectable hop incident to the Ebony minstrels' visit here, and now the prospect is a pleasing one for balls about holiday time.

The At Home on Thursday evening at the Ontario Ladies' College was one of the most brilliant of a fine series of successes that have marked the social gatherings at this educational establishment of which we are so proud. There were several hundred guests who responded to the invitations. All the surrounding towns were well represented, and a large contingent of young men came down from Toronto. The fair students, who now number over one hundred, made a lovely sight. How else could they in their fresh and budding beauty, prettily gowned? Some of the frocks were perfect dreams of maiden raiment. Delicious refreshments from Webb's were served after the concert. The spacious hall and parlors, the chapel and library presented an entrancing scene of artistic decoration, while youth and beauty walked about or sweetly communed in quiet corners. The mystic hour of midnight brought the charming reception to a close. The programme, as follows, during its rendition was heartily applauded:

1. Piano solo..Andante and Rondo Capriccioso — Mendelssohn
   Miss Morrison
2. Recitation.....Jerry.....M. L. Dickenson
   Miss McPherson
3. Vocal solo.....Flower Song (Faust).....Gounod
   Miss Ross
4. Recitation.....Mary Alice Smith.....J. W. Riley
   Miss Fisher
5. Piano solo.....Carnival in Vienna.....Schumann
   Miss Decker
6. Recitation.....Lillie Servosses Ride.....Torges
   Miss Kent
7. Vocal solo.....Robert toi que j'aime.....Meyerbeer
   Miss B. Smith
8. Piano solo.....Tarantelle.....Thalberg
   Miss Reid
9. Recitation..The Babies of Rudder Grange.....Stockton
   Miss Mason

The dance of the season was given by Mrs. W. R. Howse, Friday evening, December 2, when the youth and beauty of Whitby and neighboring towns met together to enjoy the hospitality of their charming hostess. The music which was furnished by the Harpers was all that could be desired, and dancing was kept up until the wee sma' hours. Among those present were noticed: Judge and Mrs. Dartnell, Mr. and Mrs. Beith, Mr. and Mrs. Holland, Mr. and Mrs. Ross, Dr. and Mrs. Warren, Mr. and Mrs. Whitfield, Mr. and Mrs. Morphy, Dr. and Mrs. Holiz, Miss Masson of Oshawa, the Misses Wilson, Gross, Warren, Patterson, Dartnell, Holland, Taylor, Ormiston, Haines, McDonell, Lily Grant and Lottridge of Hamilton, Messrs. Blair, Ross, Byers, Wilmot, Thompson, Burnham, Ritchie of Pickering, Christian, Hamilton, Donald, McGillivary of Uxbridge, M. Lottridge of Port Hope, Keyes, Bull of Hamilton, Grierson, Babbitt, Cassels of Oshawa and others.

Mrs. Dartnell had a small dance on Tuesday evening, which was very enjoyable.

Miss Lily Grant and Miss Lottridge of Hamilton are the guests of Mrs. W. R. Howse.

MEG.

Brantford.

Stratford's opera house was crowded to the doors on Monday evening, the occasion being the farewell concert given by Mr. G. H. Fairclough before his departure for Germany. Mr. Fairclough was ably assisted by Mrs. Frank Mackelcan, Mrs. R. J. Smith, Mrs. Wilmot Hoye, Miss Rolls, Mr. George Fox, Mr. Chris. Rush, Dr. Hart and Mr. Jacques. Space forbids my giving the programme in full, but it is sufficient to say that all the artists did remarkably well. A number of the ladies wore very pretty costumes. Among them I remarked that of Mrs. Joseph Stratford, who looked most gracious and handsome in cream silk and boa; Mrs. J. K. Osborne was attired in a beautiful costume of black lace; Miss Carnegie of London looked sweetly pretty in a charming costume of dove-gray silk and white chrysanthemums; Miss Shannon wore a pretty stylish gown of Nile green; Miss Lyys of Sarnia wore a long-trained gown of rich black silk; Miss Nanie Crompton, cream silk, elegantly fitted and very becoming; Miss Reba Hoosie was becomingly attired in pale blue delaine; Miss Sibbitt wore a *chic* gown of fawn.

Mrs. Osborne of Toronto is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Joseph Stratford. Mrs. Osborne's many friends are pleased to welcome her again in our city.

Miss Carnegie, a handsome blonde of London, is the guest of Miss R. A. Hossie.

Miss Jo. Shannon has gone to Toronto, where she will be the guest of Miss Florence Washington, McCaul street.

Miss Cochrane has returned from a lengthy visit in Cincinnati.

The many friends of Mr. J. J. Ashworth are pleased to notice that he has entirely recovered from a severe attack of typhoid fever. Mr. Ashworth left for Toronto this week.

Prof. Boyce, late organist of Grace church, has secured the position as organist in Zion church.

Mr. George Henweod has gone to British Columbia, where he has secured a lucrative position.

SAILOR.

Berlin.

Mr. F. Snyder, son of Mr. E. W. B. Snyder, M. P. P., of St. Jacobs, was married last week to Miss Steller of Waterloo. The wedding presents were numerous and very handsome, and the happy bride and groom have the best wishes of the community.

Mrs. E. P. Clement was At Home on Friday evening last to a large number of her friends.

Mrs. Boyd, daughter of Dr. Bowlby of Berlin, gave an entertainment of her elocution classes last Friday night.

Miss Lena Boomer, for years organist of Trinity Methodist church choir, Berlin, has accepted the position of organist in the Galt Methodist church.

W.

Goderich.

Eloise A. Skimings, composer of the National March, was the recipient on November 24 of a beautiful hand-painted drawing-room lamp and purse, presented her by the officers and crew of the Government Dredge No. 9 and Tug Delisle, as a testimony of their esteem for the popular composer. Messrs. McGillivray and Ferguson, engineers, made the presentation in the name of their brother officers and crew, hoping that Miss Skimings might live long to enjoy the light of their presentation, to which Miss Skimings, in returning her sincere thanks and appreciation of their gifts added, "I will surely now be a star."

The Government Dredge No. 9 and Tug Delisle are laid up, the officers and crew returning to their respective homes.

Capt. W. Smith, of Tug Delisle, left for Ottawa, his home, on November 24.

Mr. James Graham, artist tourist of Goderich, is the designer of the gigantic steamer for Atlantic passenger traffic, the design of which, and description, by himself, appear in the November number of the *Scientific American*, page 295.

A Sure Cure.

A famous French doctor and professor of medicine contended that every disease was due to a process of inflammation. On dissecting one of his patients, not a trace of inflammation could be found. He explained the circumstances to his pupils as follows: "Gentlemen, you see that our mode of treatment was thoroughly effective. The patient is dead, but he died cured."

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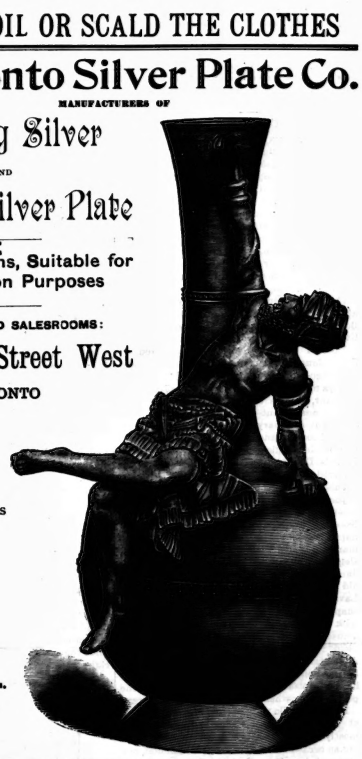

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A NOVEL

By JOSEPH HATTON

Author of "Clytie," "By Order of the Czar," "John Needham's Double," "Cruel London," Etc.

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SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS I. AND II.

The story opens in Newfoundland about the time of the American War of Independence, at which period the island was under the despotism of whatever fishing captain could first anchor on the coast in the spring. That seaman became admiral for the season, and his authority over the few inhabitants of the island was often made harsh and oppressive. Not even a cabin could be erected without his permission and all attempts to colonize the island were forbidden, it being a determined purpose to reserve the island as a fishing ground. David Plympton, the master of Heart's Delight, a small fishing village, has a daughter Hannah, beloved by Alan Keith, a young estimable fisherman. She is also loved by a whining hypocrite named Bentz, but her father, when he speaks to him, threatens to bait the wolf traps with his carcass if he speaks of it. Alan's suit is more favorably received, and as he is proposing for her hand to her father she herself approaches. The interview has been witnessed by Bentz, who creeps stealthily away.

CHAPTER III.

AROUND A WINTER FIRE.

All Heart's Delight turned out to add a wing to the Great House for the home of Alan Keith and Hannah Plympton, who were married and as good as settled within a month of Alan's ordeal of asking.

Alan and the leading settlers went out in October on a sporting expedition which had been unusually successful. They came back laden with caribou, which gave the entire settlement skins for the winter and the Great House and its new wing a fresh set of decorative antlers.

The past fishing season had been fairly profitable, and the settlement generally was in a flourishing condition. They had never had so lively an autumn, never so merry a winter.

Most of the little settlement and even St. John's found winter as a rule dull, monotonous, and often miserable. But Heart's Delight had always managed to keep its winter bright and pleasant, thanks chiefly to the authority and good management of Master Plympton, who dealt out summary measures to evil-doers by general consent and authority of his neighbors, and by dint of his good nature helped to make Heart's Delight desirable to all decent, well-behaved people.

This winter of the newly married couple was beyond all winters that had passed away the most worthy of the name of the settlement. Nobody had any idea that life could be so happy as the Plymptons and the Keiths managed to make it. Good fires, plenty to eat, sleighing, shooting, homely entertainments, dances; hardly a day or evening passed that did not count its special pleasure; and Father Lavello, a young priest who had his little chapel in the valley over against the fish stakes, took a genial part in the recreations and amusements of the settlement. Everybody liked the young priest. He could play the fiddle, tell a good story, sing a good song; and he was none the less a disciplinarian because he was a pleasant fellow and loved to see the people merry when they were not at prayers.

Father Lavello was the chief medium of news at Heart's Delight; and what he got came mostly from his Superior at St. John's, including an occasional newspaper from London, one now and then from Paris, and stray gazettes from Boston in the United States. While he was not a rebel, he had told Plympton and Keith of some recent successes of the American colony in their rebellion against King George, and he had expressed views about the rights of citizens and subjects which had set both Alan and Plympton thinking more and more as to the prospects of Heart's Delight and the future of Newfoundland. Keith was a loyal subject, and yet he agreed with Father Lavello that in Great Britain's claim of the right of search for deserters on American ships, the new government at Washington had been much provoked. Plympton was an old mariner, had sailed and fought under the British flag, and honored the imperial banner; but he admitted there was much to be said for the Americans. He gave both Keith and the priest many instances of the brutal tyranny that had been permitted in Newfoundland by royal authority under the Great Seal. He explained that hitherto Heart's Delight had been somewhat favored, perhaps through his own exceptional influence, but the story of Newfoundland, with this exception, had been one of unparalleled cruelty on the part of the Fishing Admiralty.

"And who knows," he said, "that our turn may not come? Not for thirty years, until last season, have we had a shed pulled down in Heart's Delight; while St. John's has seen houses dragged to the earth, their owners reviled, their women insulted. Imagine settlers tried for the offence of building; tried on the deck of some ship that had for its master a vulgar, ignorant, overbearing plebeian, dispensing what he called justice as Admiral of the Fleet!"

"Is that so?" said the Father, crossing himself.

"Why, my dear Father, do you not know that the bits of sheds Patrick Burke put up to cover his potatoes were removed last season by order of Admiral Ristack—admiral forsooth!—and the timber burnt?"

"Yes, of course I heard of it, Mr. Plympton; and the incident pained me very much."

"It would have pained you more if you had witnessed the treatment I received on the 'Anne, of Dartmouth,' when I went on board to plead for the poor fellow," said Plympton, with an impatient gesture.

"Truly, truly," said the priest, "I did not dare to interfere, knowing how much more favor the church receives at Heart's Delight than anywhere else in the island; discretion is sometimes almost a virtue. Don't you think so, Alan Keith?"

"Eh, man, but it's sometimes hard to be discreet. There's yonder Lester Bentz; saving your honor's presence, I'd like to get my fingers into his neckcloth, for they tell me he was the man that pointed out to the admiral that the wee shed had got a chimney; and it was the chimney that was the offence."

"It is a wonderful thing," said Father Lavello, "that spite of the harsh regulations of the Home Government, men and women continue to come to Newfoundland; men with women—even women alone. What is the matter with he old country that emigration on such conditions is acceptable?"

"I conceive it to be just the wanderin' habits o' the poor folk," said Alan, "and the idea of change. I've often thought myself—again saving your reverence's presence—that after all the punishment of the Wandering Jew was nae so bad if he could only have gotten his food regular and comfortable."

"That is a nice sentiment to settle down with," said Hannah, looking up from her sewing.

"It's just what they might call a post-nuptial sentiment, Hannah, for I dinna hold with it now, be sure; it's your father who wants to leave Heart's Delight, not me."

"I believe you, Alan; but if father does talk of the old country, after all it's only to give us what he calls security; and an old man naturally, in his declining years, thinks of his own land."

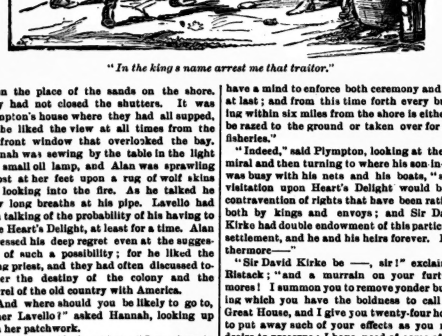
"That's where I dinna agree with the dear guid man," Keith answered. "Dartmouth is nae his countrie; he was born at St. John's, where his mither and father are buried, and surely that makes Newfoundland his countrie."

"That is true," said Plympton, "but once, when I was a man, Alan, I went to Plymouth with one of the Fishing Admirals and made a stay in Devon, and it's a fine country, I'm telling you, Alan; a sweet land of stream and valley."

"Weel, and Perth is na sae bad, I'm thinking; but what's the matter with Newfoundland? We'll get rid of the fishing admirals one o' these days; and if we don't, why we'll gae to an unfrequented part outside their boundaries, and make a paradise there; we can do it, can't we, Hannah?"

"Eh, Alan, you are so romantic, you ought to have lived in the days of the knights and such," Hannah replied, with a smile of admiration.

They were an interesting family gathering, sitting by the fire which sent a glow over walls and ceiling. It was a great wood fire that crackled and spluttered until it settled down into a silent heat, and then the old salt, Pat Doolan, brought fresh logs and put them on. The new fuel was heralded as it were by swarms of golden bees, that went sailing up the chimney and out into the starlight night. Father Lavello was smoking a long pipe, and sitting in a high-backed tall chair. Master Plympton was ensconced in the window-seat, where, drawing aside the curtain, he could see the broad ocean right across a wilderness of snow that had taken the place of the sands on the shore. They had not closed the shutters. It was Plympton's house where they had all supped, and he liked the view at all times from the big front window that overlooked the bay. Hannah was sewing by the table in the light of a small oil lamp, and Alan was sprawling almost at her feet upon a rug of wolf skins and looking into the fire. As he talked he drew long breaths at his pipe. Lavello had been talking of the probability of his having to leave Heart's Delight, at least for a time. Alan expressed his deep regret even at the suggestion of such a possibility; for he liked the young priest, and they had often discussed together the destiny of the colony and the quarrel of the old country with America.



"In the king's name arrest me that traitor."

"And where should you be likely to go to, Father Lavello?" asked Hannah, looking up from her patchwork.

"To Italy," said the priest; "I was born in Italy, you know, and I conclude there is a plan to do me a kindness by giving me duty in Venice."

"In Venice?" said Hannah. "I have heard mariners say that is the most lovely city in the whole world—built in the sea, and all palaces of marble. It's too much to be believed."

"Ah, my dear," said Plympton, turning from the snow and the moon that was resting upon it and making a long track of rippling white far out to sea, "you have known nothing better than Heart's Delight and St. John's; you don't understand what fine brick and stone houses are; as for marble palaces, they are dreams, my love, to one who has never seen them."

"Have you never sailed to Venice, Alan?" she asked.

"No," said Alan, "I have mostly bet about these stormy waters. I know more about icebergs; they mek white palaces sometimes on a mariner's course like fairy pictures, and just as deevilish if ye had to trust to the impish lights and strange forms they gie themsels."

"I love Venice," said the priest thoughtfully, as he refilled his pipe, "and my mother lives in Florence; but I have no desire to leave you, my friends, no wish to give up the work the church and God have given me here in Heart's Delight. I cannot say more than that to give you a key to my feelings for this province, that is outside the great world of refined and civilized life, where luxury is common and carpets of velvet are laid for one's feet."

"Father Lavello," said Plympton, leaving his seat by the window and shaking the priest by the hand, "we owe you a debt we can never pay in your capacity as an ordinary man, as a friend and adviser; as a priest with authority, I have never known a minister of God so gentle, so kindly and so merciful of your opinion, so tender in your discipline. I pray God you may remain with us."

"Amen," said Alan.

"I thank you, dear friends," said the priest.

CHAPTER IV.

"TO YOUR TENTS, O ISRAEL."

When the summer came again, and the world of Newfoundland was bright with fresh foliage, and the shores of Heart's Delight busy with harvesters of the sea. Ristack in his well-found ship, the Anne of Dartmouth, sailed in proudly, first of all the season's ships. Thus he was once more Admiral for the time being. Ruddock, advanced to be master of the Pioneer, was the second to cast anchor, and was therefore vice-Admiral. They began their ugly work with malicious prompt itude.

Hannah Keith was nursing her first-born, an infant in arms. She was not in robust health. The medical science of the little colony was not of the highest, and Mrs. Keith had undergone a severe time, but was mending with the return of genial weather. The boy had been christened David, after his grandfather, and promised to be strong and hearty.

Keith, the proud and loving husband and father, was getting his boat ready for work, and Plympton was standing on the shore watching the arrivals of the ships, and gathering bits of news of the lands beyond the sea, when Admiral Ristack accosted the popular settler.

"Master Plympton," said Ristack, "I greet you."

"Good day, Master Ristack," said Plympton, "and welcome once more to Heart's Delight."

There was not much of the ring of sincerity in Plympton's voice. He did not like Ristack; but he was courteous to all, and respected authority.

Ristack (a short, stodgy, ill-favored man, with small eyes set as close together as a stumpy, thick nose would permit), tugging up his great boots and giving his belt an extra eyelet, faced Plympton somewhat aggressively, remarking: "I don't know that you have much cause to welcome me this trip; I bring orders you will not like, but I am in duty bound to fulfil them."

"And what may they be, Master Ristack?" asked Plympton.

"Admiral Ristack, if it so please you, Master Plympton," said Ristack, fastening the button of his belt.

"So be it!" Plympton replied. "Admiral Ristack, since we stand on ceremony,"

"You have not been used to stand on ceremony, Master Plympton, but the Government have a mind to enforce both ceremony and law at last; and from this time forth every building within six miles from the shore is either to be razed to the ground or taken over for the fisheries."

"Indeed," said Plympton, looking at the admiral and then turning to where his son-in-law was busy with his nets and his boats, "such visitation upon Heart's Delight would be in contravention of rights that have been ratified both by kings and envoys; and Sir David Kirke had double endowment of this particular settlement, and he and his heirs forever. Furthermore——"

"Sir David Kirke be ——, sir!" exclaimed Ristack; "and a murrain on your furthermores! I summon you to remove yonder building which you have the boldness to call the Great House, and I give you twenty-four hours to put away such of your effects as you may desire to preserve; I have need of some of the other huts for the fisheries, but I can dispense with the Great House and so can His Majesty; it will make a good fish-house and flake; but that will be considered by myself and the other admirals."

Plympton, somewhat dazed, passed his hand over his forehead and shook himself as if from a dream.

"I expected it would stagger you somewhat, Master Plympton," said the admiral, "but you have had a long innings at Heart's Delight. You've sported it as a king might, and you have laid by for stormy weather; I've heard of your remittances to the Bank of England, and I take occasion to congratulate you on your deposits over in London; you may need them now."

"Do you mean to tell me, Master Ristack, that—"

"Admiral Ristack, if it please you," interrupted the ruffian.

"Admiral Ristack—by the lord you do well to remind me how a great title can be borne by——"

"An honest man," said Ristack, in a loud, boisterous manner, "and one who owns his lands by rightful title, and builds his house not on the sands, where storm and tempest may wash it away, but on the rock, sir. And mark me, Master Plympton, it does not behoove a man in your position to flout the admiral of the Fishing Fleet, who represents authority that is stamped with the great seal of the realm, sir; and I'd have you to understand that!"

Alan Keith, seeing that the two men were engaged in an angry altercation, left his boat and came up to them; as did also Vice-Admiral Ruddock, accompanied by several sailors and fishermen from the fleet.

"Allow me, Master Plympton," said Ristack, "to introduce to your notice my colleague, Vice-Admiral Ruddock, of the Pioneer; he will bear me out in what I have said."

Plympton bowed his head slightly to Ruddock, a wiry fellow with lantern jaws and a strong vulpine mouth, firm and cruel. He wore something between an officer's uniform and a fisherman's jacket, with boots of an exaggerative pattern, and round his neck a heavy gilt chain. There was a touch of the mountebank in Ruddock's get-up; it was quite in keeping with the grotesque idea of the home authorities in giving such men the title of admiral, and it was fitting that they should suggest the pirate in their style of manner, seeing that they wielded powers little inferior to those which pirates exercised by force of numbers, audacity and unscrupulous followers.

"What's sae wrang?" asked Alan Keith, standing forth, tall, strong, broad in build and manner, and dominating the little crowd with his masterful personality.

"This master of the Anne of Dartmouth," said Plympton.

"Who is admiral of the fleet," interrupted Ristack.

"The first arrival; therefore admiral of the fleet," said Plympton.

"And therefore the King's representative, for the time being," said Ristack.

"And with new powers, d'ye mind, from London," added Vice Admiral Ruddock.

"To the deil wi' your palaver and fine phrases!" said Keith. "What's the business?"

"It's just this, my man," said Ristack, assuming his most pompous manner, "that Heart's Delight has got to obey the law, that makes it and St. John's and the rest, what it was always intended, a training ground for His Majesty's fleet, and a fishing station for His Majesty's fishing admirals; since you ask, why that's the business."

"Well, and in what have we broken the law here at Heart's Delight?" asked Keith. "Have we not been loyal to His Majesty, and honest, and kept the peace, nae listened to sedition and paid our way?"

"Oh, you're a mighty fine company,' said Ristack scornfully, "all kinds of ye, Scotch and Irish and French too, I make no doubt; and ye have built yerselves fine houses and made yerselves gardens, and flown in the face of the laws and the condition of the fisheries; but you've got to bend to the King's Majesty and the admirals——"

"And the long and short of it is," said Ruddock, coming to the aid of his chief, "that Heart's Delight has got to be moved; that is, such of it as is illegal."

"There's only one man in the place who has had the grace to obey the law," said Ristack, his eyes falling on the figure of Lester Bentz, "and I'm glad to see him here."

There was a murmur of dissent from the little crowd of men of Heart's Delight, who were now attracted to the scene.

"And what's it amount to?" asked Keith, "the matter ye hae got to say to Master Plympton?"

"It is not to Master Plympton alone," Ristack replied, "but to others; indeed, to all of you who have built and made gardens within the limits of the fisheries; if you insist on staying in the country after the fishing's over, contrary to the rules and conditions of the regulations which come from the Star Chamber downwards until now, why ye must go inland—six miles at the shortest."

"Go inland!" exclaimed Keith.

"I said inland; and that is only a general permission and it does not mean that it gives you any rights of planting, but only rights to herd with the moose, the fox, and such like; but with no more rights than the fox has, and the wolf, and the moose. Your houses by the shore must come down; that's the business, Alan Keith, I was talking over with Master Plympton when ye came up."

"What!" exclaimed Keith, "d'ye say we mun pull our houses down? Pull 'em down! The Great House, and the wee bit hut we hae added to it last autumn?"

"Every log of 'em," said Ristack, "and within the next twenty-four hours the work must begin. I give you that time to get out your belongings; and that done, the rest can go on as quickly as hands can wipe out the offences to the King's Majesty."

Ristack brought in the name of the king as often as he could to shield his own conduct. Kings and governments when they delegate power to their instruments and officers would do well to remember that if the Great Seal covers a despotic action they alone are held up as the instigators and authors of the wrong that is being done; while, on the other hand, their good deeds are often claimed by the officials or others who are the mere agents who carry them out.

"And, moreover," said Ruddock, "you have defied the Government, inasmuch as ye have permitted Roman Catholic priests to settle among you and perform the obnoxious rites of mass. Did ye not know that at a court held at Harbor Main, September the twenty-fifth, seventeen hundred and fifty-five, an order was given to the magistrates commanding, that a certain individual who had permitted that thing to be done in one of his fish rooms, he being present himself contrary to law and against our Sovereign Lord the King, was fined in the sum of fifty pounds, the fish rooms demolished and the owner thereof compelled to quit the harbor of St. John's?"

"I have heard of outrages done by what ye call the magistrates commanding," replied Keith; "the particular one ye name is new to me. But let me tell ye, Master Ristack, that we stand on our own ground at Heart's Delight; and I think my neebors will agree wi' me that His Majesty has jest enough on his hands in anither colony without vexing the honest settlers of this."

"Oh, that's your answer, is it?" said Ristack.

"Master Plympton, it will be well for you to restrain your friend," remarked Ruddock.

Keith turned upon Ruddock with a scowl, and by this time nearly all the people of Heart's Delight were on the beach. Several boats from the fishing fleet were landing men. The scene became animated. It was a glorious June day; the sea perfectly calm, a pleasant breeze blowing over the land.

"Keith," said Plympton, "we will see the admiral's authority."

"Here it is," said the admiral, producing a formidable-looking parchment with a great seal dangling from it on a broad ribbon; "perhaps the vice-admiral will read it?"

"I would prefer to read it myself," said Plympton.

"Nay, then read it yourself, and much good may the exercise do you," said Ristack, handing Master Plympton the parchment.

The people talked among themselves while Plympton was glancing over the document; its purport was already known and was repeated from one to another. Lester Bentz kept close to Ruddock. Many of the settlers were talking loudly and gesticulating. Some of them were already in altercation with the fishermen of The Pioneer and the Anne of Dartmouth.

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"Friends and neighbors," said Plympton. His well known voice was sufficient to beget immediate silence. He had let fall his soft Cromwellian hat, and standing there bare-headed, his white locks falling about his fine forehead, he looked the character of father of the settlement; still, however, so physically strong and lithe that he might have given many a younger man a tussle in a wrestling match or a bout at single stick. "Friends and neighbors," he said, "this document under the Great Seal of England—how obtained it is not for me to say, for who knows what interests and influences are brought to bear upon our rights and privileges in London—"

Master Plympton, I must request——" broke the admiral, interrupting the speaker.

"Sir, do not interrupt me," said Plympton impatiently.

"By God, if he does I'll choke him were he any times an admiral!" exclaimed Keith, no longer able to control himself in face of the haughty airs of Raddock more particularly.

"A moment! twenty sailors of the fleet rushed to the support of the admiral, and double the number of the men of Heart's Delight were simultaneously by the side of Alan Keith.

"Nay, Alan, give me leave," said Plympton, "and you, my friend, be patient until I tell you the commands of His Majesty to these—with a sonewhat contemptuous gesture—"his servants and representatives."

"Stand by," said the admiral, addressing his men, "stand by and obey orders, stand by and wait for the word of command."

"We are charged with having built and cultivated contrary to the law; we are commanded to remove such buildings and to cease such cultivation; and this gentleman, who by virtue of his first arrival in our harbor, is styled Admiral of the Fleet, is the magistrate who has authority to see these orders carried out. Nay, be patient a moment! And he is good enough to give us twenty-four hours to remove our household goods, prior to the destruction of our dwellings."

There was a pause of a few moments, as if the people were mastering the full purport of the tyrannical decree; and then there was a groan and shout of anger as the result of their realization of the alteration between Master Plympton and the fishing admirals.

"Men," exclaimed Alan Keith, striding among his neighbors, "to your homes! Every one of you to your homes! Ask God to help ye, and if He doesna, then we mun help ourselves! Eh, my fine Admiral o' the Fleet, d'ye think we're dumb animals that we're going to stand this thing?"

"To your boats!" said the admiral, catching the spirit and action of Keith.

"Ay, such on ye as hae hearts for such service as these creatures gie ye; but if ye are man, tell your nigger drivers that ye will nae stand by and see a wrang done that would mek a pirate blush!"

For a moment the sailors seemed to waver.

"Rebellion!" shouted Ristack. "Mutiny! Arrest this Alan Keith!"

Keith drew his knife and waited. No one stirred. Raddock ventured a remark. No one heard it.

"Gentlemen," said Plympton, addressing Ristack and Raddock, "don't be rash; you have given us twenty-four hours; withdraw your men and leave us to obey your warrant."

Plympton was the only calm man on either side.

"I name Alan Keith as a rebel," said Ristack, irritated rather than soothed by Plympton's judicial manner.

"And I name ye as a liar!" said Alan, his face paling with anger, "and by the honor of Scotland, if ye don't tak yer pirate face away I'll mek it uglier than it is!"

"Rebel, I denounce ye!" shouted Ristack; "man, I command ye in the King's name arrest me that traitor!"

"Ay, come on!" cried Keith, a compact knot of strong, firm men by his side.

Plympton once more intervened, standing between the contending factions. "Men of Heart's Delight," he said, "friends, neighbors, brothers, withdraw to your homes. I appeal to you in the interests of your wives and children. Alan Keith, son and comrade, I claim this once to command you."

The settlers, Alan at their head, walked away without another word, but with sullenness and anger.

"Very well," said Ristack, moved by a sudden inspiration of villainy, "I accept your mediation thus far, Master Plympton; you and your rebel neighbor shall have the twenty-four hours grace I've given my word for. Raddock, pass the word for the men to get back to their ships."

Raddock obeyed. The men returned to the boats. Ristack, turning his back on Plympton, followed them, muttering as he went, "But I'll have Master Alan Keith on board before the night's over—and in irons—by——, I swear it!"

(To be Continued.)

Correspondence Coupon.

The above coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by coupons are not studied.

ROSALIE—Tinted writing paper is fashionable, but plain white paper, of good quality, is always correct. Sealing wax will give you information about Reeder.

A. B. C.—1. Writing too unformed for correct study. A very hopeful and amiable nature, conscientious and reliable. 2. Particulars needed in order that a sensible answer may be given.

BRUNEA MINE.—The only possible reason is that I did not get it. That frequently happened about the time you mentioned. Things are since readjusted. Did you want a delineation? If so, say so. I'll keep your letter.

ZO-KO.—You are merry and hopeful, fond of company, good-tempered, ambitious, impulsive, indiscreet in speech, but honest in heart, a little too fond of number one, and sure to make lots of friends. I don't find you very careless, but a trifle inconstant and fonder of novelty than is conducive to contentment.

ZOLA LOUISE.—A good deal for progress, independence, humorous and generous are shown in this study. The writer is fond of her own way; very capable, though not markedly original; rather generous, discreet, slightly quick in temper, and impatient at times, with marked ambition, some tact, and decidedly a cultured and refined taste. A very strong study.

YANKEE.—Your study is not what my rules call for, but I will give you a partial delineation, which will not do you justice, I am sure. You are fond of amusement, sociable, humorous and hopeful, with good taste and excellent discretion. Energy and ambition ought to make you successful. You have highly idealistic tendencies, and would enjoy new and daring schemes. I should like to see better sequence of ideas, and less desire for quick results. You are bright enough, anyway. Your affection is warm and temper excellent.

YACHT.—This study shows rather a bright mind, lacking experience and culture, also defective in originality and decision. I think the writer would be better pleased with a delineation if the hand were more formed. At present, whether from youth or lack of opportunity to practice, the lines are very crude. The reason why I am not sure which is the cause, is that there are hints of excellence which are almost beyond a very young writer, unless of very great promise indeed.

MARYLEBONE LASS.—1. You can enclose the study, with a coupon, and stamped and addressed envelope, and I will return it when it has been delineated. 2. Your writing shows force and candor, vivacity, care for details, very frank and outspoken opinions which you cling to rather firmly, an original method, very strong affections, ambition and a nature capable of large effort and much endurance. I should be very loth to trust you with a secret mission, and very glad to trust you with a thousand pounds. Do you read that correctly?

OLIVER.—You have perseverance and good judgment, vivacity, decision and adaptability, and these are all qualities which make for success in the profession you desire to adopt. A trifle more patience would not hurt you. As to your other questions, I must repeat, after long disuse, the assertion that I am not a fortune-teller. I neither know whether you will ever get married, nor whether you will marry young, nor even what kind of a wife you will make, though on the last point I have good hopes of you. Don't bother about the matter just yet a while, my dear.

NARCISSUS.—I hope you saw your study last week. In some unexplained way, your letters became transposed and I tackled the second one last week. I think the first, which I have just opened, fully justifies the delineation I gave you. Thanks for the interesting sketches. I dare not select one as your likeness, but shall try and imagine you as beautiful as possible, under the circumstances. You ask what curiosity is? It is just imagination misapplied, and enterprise degraded, and is one of the most subtle weaknesses of this wicked world. Brute and human share it alike, as you have remarked, and it is nearly always disastrous in results.

O P. H.—Bunions are caused generally by too short and too narrow shoes. The big toe is pressed in at the point and forced out at the joint, where the consequent nipping of the shoe is extremely painful. Loose shoes of proper length are therefore necessary, and you can get relief from wearing a bunion plaster, which is a ring of felt, and is gummed on one side to adhere around the tender spot. I hope after a while, with ease and protection, your foot will be quite well. 2 Your writing shows a pleasant temper, sympathy and some love of beauty, deliberate action, kindness and a very nice sense of right. It lacks decision, snap and enterprise, but perhaps I am not wrong in attributing its lack to the youth of the writer.

N. Y. H.—Your writing shows nervous energy, extreme thoughtfulness, some strength of will and decided continuity of purpose, sense of humor, inquisitiveness and rather a carelessness of detail. Affection is strong, and self-consciousness in like degree. 2 Your enclosure is rather fond of pretty things, very quick in sympathy, has intuitive perception, is good-tempered, somewhat ambitious but apt to fail from lack of endurance and daring. The lines of decision are weak, and though judgment is very correct, originality is not shown. It looks to me as if you were the better soldier of the two, but the study you enclosed is not the sort of thing which gives the best delineation.

LEAH.—1 Your study was not received in time for the date you mention. It was not necessary to send the enclosure as you did, only the correspondence coupon is required. In consideration of said enclosure, I am taking your study before its turn, as I am now doing August studies. 2 Your writing shows extreme decision with an excellent will power, but nevertheless you are easily influenced by those you esteem. You are liable to be wounded through your affections, to depend under adverse circumstances; plenty of energy, imagination, and a little mild cleverness, or perhaps, I should say, self-consciousness, are shown. I think you are not petty enough to be very selfish. You are decidedly original and while capricious in some matters very true and reliable in matter of trust some; ability and wish for success accompany a very vital and breezy study.

CRISSY ENDRAVOR.—You dear little thin! Of course I will give you a character, and it is bound to be nice. You are determined, self-assertive, full of fun and somewhat imaginative, very good tempered when you get your own way (which is about all the time), rather impulsive, very fond of society and a little wee bit vain, but with very good excuse, lacking discipline (fancy disciplining a butterfly) and rather apt to let others take care of themselves (like Bopeep's mutions) See how you have demoralized me, you wee woman. My love to you! 2. Height 5 feet 5½ weight 118 pounds. 3. Please write again and send me the flowers. I should love to get them. 4. Crissy! I meant to take a trip to church, and chatter like a magpie, you awful child. I walk sedately, all alone, the very model of propriety! And, once more, I never think about the correspondence column once I get the week's letters answered, but I'll promise never to forget you, at all events.

SUNNY SOUTH.—1. You did not write to me three years ago, for the simple reason that I was not here at all. I don't suppose three years has made any difference in your writing, which has extremely beautiful traits. Did the former graphologist not tell you that you were a pretty nice person? You have almost coaxed me into giving you a second reading, but that I may not do; hundreds are waiting their first punishment. 2. It is perfectly proper to go to the Muses if you want to. 3. Do I approve of lady opeiras. Well, that is a nice question. What do you suppose I should get from Lady Gay if I said no? Certainly, if they ride well and dress neatly, I much admire them. 4. There are several exhibitions of paintings which you can go to. If you watch the papers you will see them duly announced. Mr. Brunsoch has one at Bain's Art Room, King street east. Mr. Thompson has some pictures at Ellis's store, corner King and Yonge streets. Mr. George Read will have some by the time you read this, by which time I also fear the others will be removed. There is no permanent art gal'ery but the one you mention. Won't you write again?

DEBION.—What a hard question you asked me! In the first place, I don't think a mother and two sisters who amount to anything would tie down a young fellow; they shouldn't, anyway! Couldn't you marry off the sisters, you poor, dear boy, so that you could have some sort of a chance to be married yourself? I know that's what I'd want you to do if I were that girl you're in love with. You see, I know you are worth liking, for I have your character by your writing. I hope you won't think me very hard on your women folks. You are patient and self-controlled, very imaginative, sympathetic and fond of refined and beautiful things. (Are you not of foreign extraction?) Hope and constancy are yours, with a slight carelessness of detail, which is entirely out of tune with the rest of your delineation. You are so unselfish that I'm afraid the world is overdone, and you are not quite reserved enough, though you cannot be accused of indiscretion, only of a tendency to give yourself away which a more suspicious and cautious fellow would not yield to. I wish you success and a nice little wife of your own some day soon. I must compliment you on the admirably clear diction of your letter. I don't think there are any empty rooms in your attic.

SCOTCH THISTLE, Bowmanville.—1. I have another prickly correspondent, so give your postmark as a clue, and also to show you that it was not blurred. And now, I would like you to know, that owing to your extreme carelessness in addressing your letter to no paper at all, it went the rounds of several newspaper offices before I got it. I don't know just what to make of you, but I don't think I will delineate your writing, for I am quite sure I should have to say horrid things. Please don't imagine I have time to wonder who you are, or to care about your address, and don't drop into French until you learn where to put your accents and apostrophes. It would really be better if you learned to spell English first, anyway. Now, don't be angry with me, for I am writing to you as a friend, not as a critic. I think you are a fine girl, and I am never shocked at girls' pranks, but some girls should devote more time to making themselves into attractive and well informed women. Nobody but a fool will admire you for being ignorant or headstrong; be a good girl, and some day in the future I am sure I can read you a good character from a better specimen.

LOIS M.—1. I Give you the following from a medical column, but don't recommend you to try it: "A preparation made of unslaked butter and mercury is recommended as a good remedy. To a piece of butter as large as a hen's egg, add as much of the mercury powder as can be taken up on the point of a penknife. Mix thoroughly and keep in a glass or earthen pomade-box. If the spots of pimples appear white at the points, carefully open them with a needle, press out the contents, and rub a little of the ointment thoroughly into the open places. It is better to take the tops of them entirely off, then the salve can be used with better effect. Only the thickness of a pea should be used, as the mercury is poisonous. Take care to keep the needle and other things you use away from your friends, as such pimples are contagious." They are generally caused by poor or impure blood. Cleanliness, exercise, careful diet and, if necessary, a course of medicine ought to get rid of them. I don't wonder they trouble you; they are so unsightly. 2 The "correspondence coupon" is printed at the head of the rules. You must cut it off and enclose it if you wish your writing studied; it will send another study, as I will disclose this one. 4. The letter was all right, except for a careless fault in spelling (to for too). You had better use the same name, and you are welcome to write whenever you require information.

TORNEY TRAVAT.—It is very hard to answer such a letter as yours, because it lacks the ring of genuineness. I certainly never felt that I had "lost my hold on earth and life and everything real, and was being hurled off into space." And I positively never feel wicked and rebellious, because I know it is a mistake. I simply decline to waste my energies in any such way, for I can find a much better use for them. If you are really in the volcanic condition you portray, I am sorry, for I am sure you must be very uncomfortable, and I know you would be worse than foolish. As to blaming providence for your state, please keep out of such a blunder, or if you must blame someone beside yourself, give the devil a rub. As to your being more contented, if you knew the future, you are promoting without rhyme or reason. Thank God we don't know the future or life would not be worth living. As you say, there are a good many I's in your letter; perhaps that is the fault in your life also, and now, listen to me! If, at nineteen, you are to be kept at home from a professional career, to learn, as you say, to sew and knit and do fancy work, and make cakes and puddings and learn to be proper, thereby implying your ignorance of these things, all I can say is, it is the best possible way you can put in your time. You ought to have known all these things long ago, and if you will just be sensible, and interest yourself, I foretell a much healthier state of mind for you.

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AYER'S Sarsaparilla at all seasons. In the *Spring*, it removes that tired feeling, cleanses and vitalizes the circulation, and prepares one to successfully contend with the debilitating effects of the heated term. In the *Summer*, it quickens the appetite, regulates the liver, and makes the weak strong. In the *Autumn*, it tones up the nerves and protects the system from malarial influences. In the *Winter*, it enriches the blood, and invigorates every organ and tissue of the body.

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Capital Punishment.

Bride (throwing her arms about the bridegroom's neck)—You are my prisoner for life!

Groom—It's not imprisonment for life, love; it's capital punishment!

She Might Have Known.

"They say that Doodle ill-uses his wife."

"She might have expected it."

"Why?"

"He had the reputation of being a lady-killer when she married him."

Rather Stale Bread.

Mrs. Slimdiet—The boarders are coming in. Cut the bread Matilda.

Miss Slimdiet—Ma, I saw in a society paper to-day that bread should be broken, not cut.

Mrs. Slimdiet—That's the style now, eh! Very well. Where's the ax!

Quite Unnecessary.

"I can't see," said Jimmie, "why fish have to be cleaned. They're in bathing all the time."

Really Puzzling.

"Well," said Mabel, looking up from her history lesson, "what I don't understand about discovering America is how Columbus knew it was America when he never saw it before!"

Always at the Head.

Facetious Customer (paying for his "shampoo")—Yours is the crowning work of all.

Dignified Barber—Yes, sir. Men in my profession stand at the head.

The Retort Courteous.

"Please pass me the butter," said a guest at a boarding table to a pompous individual on the other side.

"I'm a gentleman, sir," he replied, with a grand air, beckoning to the waiter.

"That's what I thought when I asked you," said the first man quietly.

His Choice.

Photographer—Is there any particular way in which you would like to take them?

Mr. Sam Johnsing—Yes, sah. If dere's no objection, I'd like to be taken a light cream-color.

Hints for Travelers.

First Traveler—How do you manage to make such nice acquaintances in strange cities?

Second Traveler—In New York I follow the crowd and it takes me into all the respectable places. In Chicago I keep out of the crowd.

Rather Piling It On.

Little Girl (laying down a newspaper)—I think it just horrid.

Mamma—What's the matter, dear?

Little Girl—I isn't half through my geography, an' here the 'stronomers is makin' a map of Mars.

A Very Good Plan

He—Aren't you in town very late this season, Miss Carruts?

She—Not for us. Papa and I take our summer outing in January always. We find it so much cooler.

No Laughing Matter.

Bleeker—That fellow Carryon is a sad dog. He seems to take life as a joke.

Pun Cheditor—Dear me! What a glum time he must have!

He Knew Her.

"Your wife is a very decided blonde, isn't she?"

"Decided! You would be quite sure of it if you came to our house often!"

"WORTH A GUINEA A BOX."

BLIND.

They are blind who will not try a box of

BEECHAM'S PILLS

for the disorders which grow out of Impaired Digestion. For a Weak Stomach, Constipation, Disordered Liver, Sick Headache, or any Bilious and Nervous ailments, they take the place of an entire medicine chest.

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Medical.

"The physician," says Brown, "is the man who tells you that you need change, and then takes all you have."

Good Boy.

An intelligent schoolboy, when asked to define a "dependent sentence," declared it to be "a sentence that hangs on by its own clause."

On a Level.

Dorothy (aged three, to her oldest sister)—I'm as tall as you.

Marjorie—No, you're not. Stand up and see. There, you only come to my mouth.

Dorothy—Well, I don't care. I'm as tall the other way; my feet go down as far as yours!

MORSE VERSUS REMORSE

"WHY, OR WHY DIDN'T I USE MORSE'S MOTTLED"

I DO MY CLEANING WITH MORSE'S MOTTLED. THAT'S WHY I FIND SO MUCH LIESURE TIME."

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EDMUND E SHEPPARD - - Editor

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The Drama.

NOW, there's a comedy that is a comedy and no mistake about it. There is something that is higher and better and healthier than Therese. Strange enough, it comes from France, the source of dramatic uncleanliness—but probably Gandillot's original has been whittled at and expurgated by Malcolm Watson, who adapted it into English. No doubt it was he who made its morals adaptable for presentation in England and America. I find that several clear-headed people heartily subscribe to my expressed views of the French dramas that come through here. Even the comedy Joseph, great success as it is and possessing its abundance of humor, still retains a few ear marks that denote the place of its nativity. These consist of a few broad remarks, but especially is it Frenchy in the character of Felix Flutterby, a gay old widower, who wishes to marry his daughter off-hand to any suitable man he can find in order to have his merry life undisturbed. I wonder if any play could be a Parisian success without a faithless wife or a rascally mother or a lewd husband or father. Every play that I can think of as coming from Paris has some one of these unhealthy figures in it. But in Joseph, thanks no doubt to the English translator, these features have been either dropped out or tuned down to decency. Flutterby's character is softened into that of a man of middle-life who becomes smitten by every pretty face he sees. His vice is reduced to a harmless weakness. But we can well perceive what the plot of Joseph could be in the hands of a dramatist and actors desirous of pleasing people of loose morality. The virtuous Joseph is conspicuous among the other characters, they all being gay in their habits or secretly anxious for an opportunity to plunge into the frivolities of the city. The sweet Constance, after living all her life in a boarding-school, an object of special solicitude to the prim Mrs. Horace Bellingham, rejects Joseph because he seems a goody-goody and throws herself at his feet on being falsely informed that the seemingly good young fellow is really a mad rake. When Joseph finds himself entangled in a maze of false situations through the presence of the designing Amelia and the novel-crazed Susan in his house, and it seems that his character is ruined and Constance lost to him, that young lady only likes him the more for his supposed moral laxity. But this sort of thing does not crowd itself upon one when seeing Joseph. Nothing objectionable confronts you, unless after going away you set to work as I have done here to analyze the substance of the thing. But it is not substance we are after when we attend a company, but fun.

*

Fun there is without stint in Joseph. George Giddens, who plays the title *role*, is in my opinion one of the best light comedians on the stage. I never saw him before and have heard very little about him, but am sure the people of Toronto will not soon forget him and will gladly welcome him at every coming. Off the stage the man has a peculiar and striking face, singularly adapted to his art. On the stage he lives his part faithfully, to the smallest detail. In voice, in everything, he is admirable. John Glendinning, in his altogether different way, is also more than ordinarily good. Reub Fax is well known to many Torontonians, he being a Brantford boy. A large number of people from that town have visited the Grand this week chiefly to see Mr. Fax. His first appearance on the stage was rather unsatisfactory. He was too self-conscious for a man in his own drug store and used his eyes too much on his clerk. But after the first act his delineation of the character entrusted to him could not possibly have been improved upon. He brought out the last drop of fun contained in it. The way he can unfold his mouth and spread it out for public inspection is marvelous and amusing. Miss Elsie de Wolf as Constance will do very well, while Miss Helen Stockwell as Susan does herself credit in a rather uninteresting *role*. Nothing can be said against any member of the cast.

*

J. W. Harkin's play, The Fire Patrol, is being given this week at Jacobs & Sparrow's Opera House. The play combines the sensational characteristics of the mining regions of the West and those of New York criminal haunts, and cannot fail to prove attractive to lovers of such. W. W. Bittner as Jack Dallas has a difficult *role* to sustain. His part is wanting in those touches of pathetic Western humor which Bret Harte has taught us to look for in every portrayal of Western life. As the Hon. Mason Morgan he is infinitely more pleasing, and in the Toodles incident is at his best. J. W. Harkins, the author of the play, also appears in the double *role* of Dave Armstrong, superintendent of Homestead Mine, and Dick Merrifield of the New York Fire Patrol. He is well supported by Wilson Enos the villain, G. Scott and N. Lally, the former as Lieutenant F. Ames, the latter as L. Staggeract, the broken down actor, who acted up to their parts well through the whole play. In the second and fourth acts the players are certainly seen at their best. Gertrude Berkely in these acts threw off the restraint which mars her acting in other p'aces and displayed the powers she undoubtedly possesses. Idella Macdonnel and Alice Endress are both bright, clever actresses and acted well up to their parts.

*

As a great admirer of A. C. Gunter's entertaining piece of fiction, Mr. Potter of Texas, I must say I was sorry to see it staged at the Academy this week by people who, I trust for their own sakes, are amateurs of the greenest kind. Miss Josephine Loane displayed real talent at some points; Harry Bradley, as Potter, has probably had experience and was not unsatisfactory, and J. B. Alwell, as Bracket, showed experience without talent. The others carried themselves with all the hesitation and awkwardness of beginners. To make it worse, one gentleman played three parts, Baron Lincoln, Ralph Errol and Doctor Van Lambroth. I do not know his real name, for he had three real names as well as three *roles*. First, he came out as the doctor, and then he retired and disguised himself by adding seven more hairs to his gray whiskers and stepped forth as Baron Lincoln. Presently he came out with several more hairs on his chin and another coat on, and lo! he was Ralph Errol, who for thirty years had been away in Australia. For the balance of the evening he kept fiddling in and out, to making one's head ache to keep track of who he happened to be for the moment. You had to count the hairs in his whiskers to be sure of it, and those who had not opera glasses were at a disadvantage. I was in mortal dread that he would require to meet himself, in which case there would have been a tragedy, but he very adroitly dodged an encounter. If I knew which name was really his, though, I would say that he also has experience and capacity as an actor, which was brought out in his Baron Lincoln. Although the cast was so unsatisfactory, yet the merits of the play proved enough to redeem the performance from failure. I have seen many plays that did not give the satisfaction afforded by Mr. Potter of Texas during the first two nights of the week. But we have a right to speak out and protest against incapable amateurs passing themselves off as protessionals and discrediting a really good play.

*

O'Dowd's Neighbors will be on at the Grand next week, with Mark Murphy as O'Dowd and Roger Dolan as McNab.

*

The Literary Association of the Ontario School of Pedagogy will hold its closing exercises in the amphitheater of the Education Department under the patronage of the Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Kirkpatrick, on Friday evening, December 16. The programme will be furnished by Miss Agnes Knox, elocutionist; Miss Lilli Kleiser, mezzo-soprano; W. J. Knox, baritone; Miss Henrietta Ship, accompanist; and the 'Varsity Glee Club.

*

One of the best attractions of last season at Jacobs & Sparrow's was The Struggle of Life with all its scenic splendor. Among the stage pictures were novelties which created a decided sensation, some of which were Battery Park in winter, Rutger's Slip in a snow storm, exterior of St. Patrick's Cathedral, a dive scene in Water street, New York, and a rescue from the sewer with real water. Mr. Sanford claims to carry a strong company to illustrate The Struggle of Life. There is every indication that the production at Jacobs & Sparrow's Opera House next week will be a success—which will no doubt pack every performance and the usual matinees.

*

The rumor that Manager Kirchmer was going to leave the Academy of Music is unfounded, a fact the patrons of that house will hear with pleasure. The other and still more mischievous rumor that the Academy is about to be closed up, is also without foundation. Manager Kirchmer has booked some of the very finest attractions for his house, including a return visit of the Robin Hood Company, which so delighted everybody. During the Christmas week Henry E. Dixey will occupy the boards, and among the other attractions are The Private Secretary, Catharine Rober, Mrs. Bernard Beere, Mrs. Bouckcault in Man and Wife, George Thatcher in Tuxedo, James O'Neil, The Dazzler Company, The Mapleson Opera Company and others. This is a very promising outlook.

MACK.

It Happened at Hamilton.

IT was in the dining room of the Royal Hotel, Hamilton, Ont. Now, I don't lay the scene in Hamilton from any "Telegramic" desire to cast aspersions upon that thriving and industrious little place, which, like many larger villages whose inhabitants are proud of their aristocratic lineage and of their blood, is also to be congratulated on its "gore."

Dusky waiters, with folded arms and far-off "gwine-back-to-Dixie" looks in their old ivory eyes, stood, each beside his particular table, like black marble statues or genii of the lamp, waiting but a command to bring anything, from a basket of diamonds to a regal palace. His Imperial Highness, the head waiter, differed only from his minions in that "his" folded arms had a dazzling white shirt front instead of a black stuff waistcoat, and "his" eyes were not stationary, but rolled like the spot ball on a billiard table.

There were but few guests seated, it being somewhat early, and these all turned when H. I. H. said in a hoarse whisper to a farmery-looking individual who had just entered, "Take offen y' hat, sah, please sah."

At the new comer uncovered and moved towards the table indicated by a grandiloquent, complex curve of H. I. H.'s dexter arm, the statue appertaining thereto sprang into life and pulled out a chair for the agricultural stranger to occupy.

"Here, now, watcher pullin' out thet air chair, eh? Want me to sit down on th' floor, eh? I'm right onto thet trick, I am. You can't fool this chicken, I ain't no stranger, I ain't. I live right here in this town, I do. Here, give me a-holt of thet chair." Thus spoke the weather-beaten one, as he grabbed the chair and subsided therein.

The statue showed its teeth, then, handing the bill of fare with one hand, placed a glass fingerbowl of water beside the guest with the other.

"Ah!" said the specimen citizen, "just what I was goin' t' ask yer for, but why don't yer put it in a cup or summat with a handle—howsomever——"

He hurled his nose in the fingerbowl with a sound like that of an emptying bath, while the mouths of the remaining statues opened in a broad grin which displayed samples of ivory that would have done credit to a dentist's sign.

UNCLE ARTIE.

The Medical Dinner.

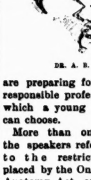
DEAN W. T. ALKINS.

The faculty and students of the medical department of Toronto University had their sixth annual dinner at the Rosin House on Thursday night, Dec. 1st. About three hundred and fifty students and their guests were present and His Excellency the Governor-General and His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor lent *eclat* to the affair by their presence and kindly speeches. Mr. W. P. Thomson, B.A., occupied the chair and was at the close of lunch very happy in the lecture we were graceful way he introduced the various speakers. The speech-making was good, the enthusiasm great, and the decorum with which the students conducted themselves a surprise to those who think the boys are never satisfied unless they are singing and getting off "gags" on those who try to talk. However, those who are well acquainted with medical student life find no surprise in such manifestations of the underlying sound sense and generous conduct of those who are preparing for the most painstaking and responsible profession which a young man can choose.

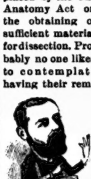
PROF RAMSAY WRIGHT.

DR. A. B. M'CALLUM.

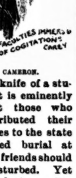
More than one of the speakers referred to the restrictions placed by the Ontario Anatomy Act on the obtaining of sufficient material for dissection. Probably no one likes to contemplate having their remains under the knife of a student, and it is eminently proper that those who have contributed their share of taxes to the state and obtained burial at the hands of friends should not be disturbed. Yet criminals and those without relatives who would be distracted by the thoughts of the scalpel and the dissecting table, those maintained at the expense of the state, insomuch as they lacked friends who during life thought enough of them to save them from the poorhouse, might very well have their bodies given to the cause of science. Those who are unable to contribute during life to the happiness and benefit of the community, those who leave no friends to grieve over the absence of a conventional burial, should not suffer from the thought that after death, if not before, they might do some good to the cause of humanity. There is much sickly sentiment with regard to such matters; so much, indeed, that cremation, which simply provides that the body shall so be disposed of as not to do harm if it does no good to the surviving millions, is unpopular and by many considered unchristian. Hon. Mr. Harcourt, who was present, indicated that some relaxation of this law was not improbable, and for the cause of science and medical education in Toronto and elsewhere throughout this province it is to be hoped that every facility will soon be afforded for the study of the human frame. If this is not done, such scandals as some Kingston medical students are suspected of will become numerous and the grave-robber, who is nearly forgotten, will again terrify the friends of those who have been put to sleep in the grassy graveyards of the country.

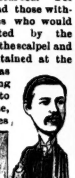


DR. L. H. CAMERON.



DR. M FREEMAN.





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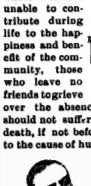
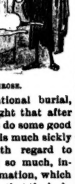


DR. REEVE.



DR. OLDRIGHT.

A number of allusions were made to the taunt of a rival institution that the University Medical College was a state-aided institution, but, as is usual, those receiving the alleged aid felt very comfortable about it, and Vice-Chancellor Mulock was not at all backward in defending the idea that in the teaching of medicine as well as arts the province has a right to exercise a certain supervision and fostering care.

One of the most elaborate and original menu cards I have ever seen—made specially for the occasion by Mr. A. H. Howard, the well known designer—was provided for each one present. Besides many cartoons illustrating the various courses, the back page contained a number of caricatures of professors, which by the kindness of the committee are reproduced. It was a jolly affair, and the committee in charge of it certainly deserve more than ordinary credit for the diligence they displayed in making the evening one that will be memorable to all those present. These were the officers and committee: Hon. member, John Cavan, B. A.; president, W. P. Thomson; 1st vice-president, J. Crawford; 2nd vice-president, F. W. G. McKay; hon. secretary, J. A. McNaughton; committee, J. Souldice and F. Grant, fourth year; Messrs. Curtis, Fisher and Laidlaw, third year; Messrs. Lancaster, Klotz and Kellam, second year; Messrs. Macklen, Cunningham, Tait and Calfass, first year.

DR J. H RICHARDSON.

Nothing and Something.

He was a student and she was a student. Together they knew more than any six average professors. They attended lectures in order to encourage learning. He looked wiser than anyone could possibly be. She looked as if she thought she knew very little, which thought she didn't think. They knew exactly how large the world was and walked round it once daily. The adulation of the world wearied them, the remarks of the sparrows on their learning became tiresome. Even the newsboys hailed their approach with reverence. What the newsboys said was:

"Hi, Jimmie, here's them two again, regular spoons from the country."

"Disgustin', Billy."

An admiring and grateful university conferred degrees on them and they went out into a cold world. They walked along the street in an ordinary manner. The sparrows were discussing the prospects for a hard winter. The air was no longer heavy with adulation, the world had grown larger. They were common married people.

PENNY.

An Admirable Insinuation.

McCymon, as everyone knows, has a very poor opinion of human nature—individually and collectively. He goes through life believing every man to be a rogue until he has absolutely proved him to be an honest man, and that principle occasionally involves the cynic in temporary confusion. Passing along Bloor street a few days ago, Mac was accosted by a loafer whose highly colored proboscis proclaimed the fact that he was not a member of the I. O. G. T.

"Would ye spare a cent or two, kind gentleman, to 'elp a poor chap who's 'ard up?" he whined.

"For you to spend in drink, I guess?" sneered Mac.

"Oh! you've been 'on the road' yerself some time, 'ave yer?" was the prompt reply. "Wot, 'ead' an' 'ow'rs in luck now yer might 'elp a pal." And Mac was so astonished that he actually forked out the price of a beer.

A. E. V.

All Three Are Satisfied.

A funny story is told of two French noblemen and a favorite actress. The Frenchmen were suitors of the lady and both seemed to be equally esteemed by her. It appears that in France, as well as in many other countries, a lock of hair is considered a signal pledge of tender passion. Mlle. Bertha glories in the possession of auburn ringlets and would not part with one of them for less than a duchy. Her admirers, however, happened to have hair of the same golden hue as that of their common love.

Each begged a tress of her hair in exchange for a lock of his own, to which the charming creature readily assented; and, without touching a single hair of her head, cunningly managed to effect an exchange of parcels by which each gentleman received a curl of his rival's capillaries. The count now wears the baron's hair next his heart and the baron sleeps with the count's lock under his pillow.—*The Million.*

Not Outdone in Generosity.

A week or two since a man connected with a Government office here found on Sansome street a check book on a certain bank. On examination he discovered it was worth $5,000. The finder sent it by a friend to the bank, and in return received a message to "call 'round." His time not being his own, it was impossible to answer the summons for several days. Finally he went. Not being in the latest fashion he was rather curtly received by "Well, what is it?"

"I came in response to a message about that check book."

"Oh—h—h, you're the man, are you? Well, we're much obliged. Here's a quarter: go take a drink."

Our discoverer took one long look at Mr. Clerk. Then he dove down into his trowsers pocket, brought out several dollars in silver, and selecting a bright new quarter, laid it before the gaping gentleman behind the counter with, "Here, you go and take a drink, too!"

Then he turned on his heel and walked out.

—*San Francisco Report.*

Brought it 'Way Down.

"I hear Carper's acting brought down the house last week."

"Yes. The week began with a house of seven hundred; Saturday night we had seven, counting the ushers."

Song of Bohemia's Dog.

For Saturday Night.

I am a Bohemian dog,
I ever am free from care,
I never come short of frog,
And I live as a place called Where?
I sit and I crunch some bones im a bunch,
And often I dine upon cat;
I frequently munch a castaway lunch,
I'm jolly, and happy, and fat.
For I'm a Bohemian dog,
I ever am free from care,
I never come short of frog—
My kennel's located at Where?

Oh, I'm a Bohemian pup,
My mother had high degree,
My father he captured the cup
With his elegant pedigree;
My brothers and sisters are troubled with "Misters,"
Who give them caresses and kicks,
Who coddle and cuff them, who praise and rebuff them
And learn them ridiculous tricks.
But I'm a Bohemian pup,
Im a mongrel compasie;
Yet I'm happy to say the mongrels look up—
The mongrels look up to me.

Oh, I'm a Bohemian dog,
I'm nobody's servant or pet,
And never a master shall flog
Or cuss the subscriber—you bet.
The slang that I sling—the blue hes would bring
To my mother of high degree,
For never, I vow, have I made my bow-wow
In a high toned companie.
Yet, tho' a Bohemian pup,
I've a beautiful pedigree,
I'm a regler prince, for the mongrels look up—
The mongrels look up to me.

Bohemia—land of the free!
Bohemia—land of the true!
Thy gardens are fair to see,
Thy skys are balmy and blue.
Tho' they call me a scamp, and dub me a tramp,
My freedom I'll never resign,
While a bone I can crunch for supper or lunch
And a nock in Bohemia's mine.
For I'm a Bohemian pup,
In a mongrel companie,
But I'm proud to say that the mongrels look up—
The mongrels look up to me!

Rushdale Farm. R. K. KERSHGAN (THE KHAN).

The Old Home.

For Saturday Night.

I saw our home the other day,
Beside the deep mill stream;
The home where we were born, Will,
And thought life but a dream.
The house is almost gone now,
The roof with moss is gray,
And where the door swings o'er the steps,
'Tis almost worn away.

The well known path before the gate
With weeds is overgrown;
The gate swings creaking in the wind,
Close by the trysting stone.
My footsteps echoed loud, Will,
Upon the old barn floor,
And but a whisper of the wind
Did greet me at the door.

Not e'en the cricket's chirp did ring
Its music in my ear;
The hollow silence of the place
Began a nameless fear.
I saw the faces of the dead
Rise out above the gloom,
And all the memories of the past
Were shadowed by the tomb.

No eve' had lengthened fast, Will,
No night had spread its pall;
'Twas but a cloud of solitude
Descending over all.
I saw the shadows swiftly glide,
And pass in sad array;
The spirits of the dead were there
That melancholy day.

B KELLY.

The Princess of the Shadows.

For Saturday Night.

Far, far where a quivering star
Shines soft with a mystic light,
And the pale priest sways
To its silver rays
All during the silent night,
His perfume-laden censer;
High, high in the star-strewn sky
Overhanging the world like a canopy,
As the moist earth sleeps,
And the night-mist creeps
O'er the fragrant marsh, till denser
Grow the shadows on the moor;
Away towards the west,
Where the sun sinks to rest,
And the cloud-elves gently lure
Dusk-clad evening onward, lest
With lingering feet she tarry,
To bid blight day too long a sweet farewell—
There, there where the fairies dwell
Lies the distant land of shadows.

Oft in the dim, sweet quiet of night,
When on the hills in the moon's white light
The swaying trees with lisping leaves
Re-echo soft pandean strains,
As 'neath their shadows the elf-hand weaves
The warp of mischief till slowly wares
The starry path to the bowers of sleep;
In a robe of mist by the night-wind tossed
Swift glides o'er the drowsy earth
In a silver boat that, like a dream,
Floats on the waves of the airy stream,
The Princess of the Shadows.

Brantford. H. CAMERON WILSON.

Two Flowers.

For Saturday Night.

Within an English Prayer book lay
A pressed and withered flow'r,
It was a loyal, red English rose,
Plucked from a maiden's bower.

And as that maid, tho' far away,
Still held my heart in thrall,
One flow'r within the pages lay—
The rose: and that was all.

But human hearts are butterflies
That flit from flow'r to flow'r,
Let but a fairer idol rise
They change within the hour.

And so it chanced, one summer day,
From another clime and sod,
A brilliant, bold, usurper came—
A sprig of golden-rod.

And as we change old friends for new,
Though proven true and tried,
The amber spray usurped the place,
The rose was bossed aside.

But when new friends prove false and vain,
Our punishment is just,
And when I turned the leaf again
The golden-rod was—Dust!

UNCLE ARTIE.

Between You and Me.

I KNOW of a mother who, when her little one was sulky and defiant, quite quelled and conquered the mite by showing her her furious face in a hand glass. The baby walled tearfully, "No, no, 'tian't me, mamma, 'tian't me!" Some such experience came my way one day last week, when I received a letter from some impossible person, who spells phonetically and whose sentences are much entangled, presenting to my surprised senses a delineation of my own character, which he claimed to have fathomed in an interview lasting five minutes! I forgave him the spelling on the spot, and I am callous to sentences presented crosswise and cornerwise and wrong end to, but that five-minute clause completely crushed me! I, or any other woman, *should* resent being sized up in five minutes, by the smartest man in existence! Of course there were the usual number of compliments padded between the criticisms, but they were so queer, I didn't quite take them in. I am an "ordinary woman," the most energetic (bar one) the gentleman ever knew, and during the whole five minutes I kept up a continual rattle so that he couldn't get a word in edgewise. I am glad I did, wickedly glad, for he loves to talk as much as I do, I know it by his handwriting, and it's awful to be shut up when you want to talk, I know that *myself!* But some of his deductions made me feel just like the sulky baby when she saw her face in the glass, and though I cried out, "'Tian't me," I fancy it may have been!

•

How much must one endure from one's friends? How soon may one let go the brakes and rush at some presuming creature, and what is the line that separates fun from presumption? "Just for fun" a caller carried off a photo from my room—which photo had a value both on the face and on the back—where nice things were writ, in a way I liked. Who shall take out a search warrant to discover the fun of losing it, even temporarily? Just for fun, a saucy belle delivered a message to a silly dude, asking him to lunch at a fashionable restaurant with a society party. He asked a fellow clerk to take his work, appeared during the morning in a frock coat and lavender tie, to the great joy of his fellows, who thought he'd gone crazy. At the appointed hour, he wafted through the doors of the restaurant, and then he waited and waited, and he may be waiting yet for all I know, but I'm sure he didn't see the fun of it, and I can't either. And I doubt if the lady who he supposed would be his hostess will be overcome with hilarity should she ever hear of his chagrin and its cause.

•

A practical joke is either silly or unkind, or insulting, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred. In the Emerald Isle, where joking is commoner than preaching, where good nature and natural chivalry take the thing in hand at both ends, a joke that makes your sides ache with laughter grows on every tree, but 'tis not so in Canada. Something of sensitiveness and mistrust, and heartlessness, takes the joke at both ends. We're not a nation of funny people at all, as is proved by the atrocious things which are done, confessedly, "just for fun!" Of this class is the smart practice of some clever folk who enjoy guying their companions, making their cheeks flush and their hearts throb under the tiny wounds that a smile duly vinegared, a whisper duly spiced, or a look duly pointed can give. And from all these funny things, "Good Lord deliver us!" They are some of the tiny cunning arrows of the Evil One, which he entrusts to fools to shoot with. Let us respect our common weaknesses and be very gentle to our everyday sins (when we notice them in others), and, have we venom to spare, let us rub it into our own shrinking flesh and see how we like it!

•

Christmas is coming! "In two weeks it will be Christmas," said a pleasant-faced child happily as I passed her on Yonge street just now. She dreamed of Christmas for what she would get—some of us dream, and very anxiously too, of what we shall give—it's so hard to make one dollar do the work of ten—some of us have sense enough to dream of what has been given to us, to go back and see, away through the ages, the Christmas Gift that has hallowed nearly nineteen hundred Christmasses. Then Christmas need never be poor for lack of gold, nor cheerless for lack of entertainment, nor cold for lack of love!

•

Talking of gifts, I am beginning to fathom the reason why men don't marry! It is, for one thing, the fault of the bachelor's chair. Have you seen one? If you have, don't give it to your hesitating suitor or you will never get him into Hymen's rosy harness. Let me tell you of it! Just an innocent-looking little gilded armchair, about eight inches high with a bolster for pins and two straps across its back, on which are strung three white and three black reels of thread. A card of mending wool lies snug between the reels, over each arm hang drapes which develop into wonderful pockets for needles. An innocuous, fat, little scissors is snugly tucked in somewhere else; down the back on the outside hang dainty sheets of shaving paper, and, for a finishing touch, on one of the knobs at the back is perched a blessed fat thimble! Ah! the bachelor's chair will postpone many a wedding and puff out many a hymeneal torch. It is a bold, bad, cunning, jolly little chair and quite captured my fancy when I saw it for the first time at the exhibit of the Buffalo Novelty Paper Work, on Spadina avenue.

•

"I hate teas!" said a friend yesterday, with an emphasis that carried conviction. I don't see why; for teas are my particular delight on these cloudy, murky, dismal afternoons. The cosy, subdued light from the piano lamp, and the circle round the hearth of the cosy little tea, or the crowded drawing room, with the polyglot waiter who calls out, in your name, such awful things as your godfathers and godmothers never dreamed of, and the six ice-creams you eat, or pretend to, and the jelly that nestles in your flounces, and the tea that burns or chills you, all the merry madness of the big tea, I like it all. Most of all, it tickles me to watch the men. They are "in it"—worse luck, they seem to say—with every hair of their addled heads, and every stumble of their large feet, and they idiotically smile and inwardly condemn (that's a nice mild word!) and you glory over them in their discomfort, and sail out and take your way to another tea, just as happy as can be! LADY GAY.

The Lonely Zealot.

Being the Story of an Isolated Person Who Fancied Himself the Only Man on Earth.

BY MACK.

THERE are odd corners of the world of which the busy millions who people the centers are quite unconscious. Even in a city there are garrets and cellars wherein life exists and where tragedies occur all unknown to the hurrying throngs upon the pavements. In a ramshackle kind of way the State attempts to keep a record of those who are born and those who die and to collect taxes in the interim, but taken on the whole the State is mighty lax in its bookkeeping. It loses lots of people whose advent into this world was entered in the day book with considerable of a flourish, but who were never carried forward into the ledger nor otherwise classified in any manner whatever. They are simply lost track of, and no auditor under the sun could make head or tail of such complicated accounts, and any balance that may be struck is simply guess work. If you wanted to find your neighbor who borrowed your washing machine and then moved away while you were holidaying in Muskoka, you could go to all the civic offices, and registration offices, and government bureaus in the land and find no trace of those neighbors, so ramshackle are the bookkeeping methods of the State.

Adam, the trapper, wandered off like that—not that he carried a borrowed washing-machine with him into the wilderness, for, in pity's name, what would induce a man to wash when no one ever sees him to comment upon his dirt? But he wandered off, a loose and incomplete entry on the books of humanity, and if some auditor is trying to strike a balance by subtracting the deaths from the births and making the result correspond with the living population, why then he will find himself one Adam short and I know just where to place my finger on him.

In the rocky and unknown region north of Lake Superior, several days' journey from any place visited by man, Adam has a home, half cavern, half shanty, where he has lived for years, subsisting on such game as he can capture in his rude traps or can bring down with stones thrown from his unerring hand.

When he had lived there for about five years without looking on the face of a fellow creature, he one day either saw a vision or was misled by a diseased mind, for from that time onward he told himself that he was the new Adam and the only man alive on the face of the earth.

When he realized that he alone had been spared in the general destruction of his human race, he was filled with joy. At first a desire came upon him to visit the great cities and walk the deserted streets and revel in the splendor lying idle. The whole world was his without a lawsuit. He had not to pay a cent of probate fees or to establish his identity as the rightful heir. It caused him a great deal of worry seeking to devise a means of realizing value and comfort from his monstrous heritage. He could not sleep, and forgot to eat, but sat all day and night figuring how he would proceed in his glorious dilemma. There were millions of vacant houses on his estate, tons of gold and bank notes, mountains of clothing and guns, and—and still, he would have to build his own fires and cook his own meals and fix his own couch and, hang it! what better off would he be? So, preferring to stay where he was, his appetite returned, his sleep was sweet once more, and over joyed at heaven's partiality for him his glad heart made an Eden of the rocky wilderness.

For a couple of years he lived thus, perfecting in his mind the details of how the great dead world looked as it slept in anticipation of his coming; looking at night to the stars and beseeching their companionship for the last, lonesome man on this great planet; looking by day at the sun and feeling that he was the sole object of its solicitude; examining his ribs enquiringly each morning to see if perchance one had been purloined in the night to form the nucleus of the New Eve. Now and again he was encouraged by visions in his sleep, and once he was enjoined to fast for thirty days. This he did, though afterwards ill from excessive indulgence in meat when once again free to partake of food.

He was awaiting some manifestation of divine purpose, poor soul, when one day he was startled at seeing something in the guise of a man, and armed with so essentially human a weapon as a gun, approaching over the brow of a hill. His heart almost ceased to beat.

"Well, I'll be darned!" he gasped, as the being drew near and he perceived it was smoking a pipe with human relish.

"Hello, stranger," it called. "Hev yeouw got a dug-out hereabouts?"

What an impudent query to profane the air of Eden! Adam leaned against a rock and stared at the intruder, to see whether he had wings or cloven hoofs.

"Where do ye cum from?" the sole survivor gurgled.

"Peoria, Illinoy, mister, but what's the differ? Hev ye got anything I can chew on fer a wheile?"

Eve could wear no such disguise, no angel could smoke and retain caste, hence this was necessarily the Father of Evil, come in the shape of man to perform the task he had formerly accomplished in the guise of a serpent. It was like his impudence to ignore the programme and come ahead of Eve, but Adam would be firm and strong. He conducted his awesome guest to his shanty, planning all the way a scheme for vanquishing him. Was it his diseased brain or did he really see fire flickering from the limbs of his companion? Adam would not wait for Satan to deploy his arts into line against his fortitude; he would assail him from behind. The stranger sat on a block of wood within the shanty talking glibly, as Adam feigned to prepare a meal, but presently the father of coming mankind stepped outside on some pretext and seizing a large rock in his unerring right hand sent it crashing against the head of his guest.

"Ho, ho! Devil, Satan, you can't stand rocks eh! You are done for—the new Adam has atoned the fault of the first."

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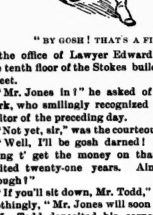
Upon a high rock lie the remains of a man whitened in the sun; but the only one who views them is a crazed citizen of the unexplored wilderness, who regards them as the bones of mankind's arch enemy. He believes sin is shut out of the new earth of which he is as yet the Adam, the owner, and all. Looking up at the stars by night and gloating over the ghastly souvenirs of his prowess, he extracts from the heavens a soul-filling blessing; and by day the great sun sparkles and smiles gratification at his deed of valor, and every little bird sings applause, and in every breeze he hears a whisper of divine pleasure as he waits and waits for one to come and share the uninhabited earth with him.

So do men every day misinterpret the conjurings of their own mental disorders as direct messages from the Most High.

Mr. Todd Gets His Money.

After waiting twenty-one years for the money, Mr. George W. Todd of Wainfleet, Canada, the other day realized $234.43 on his $1,000 Midland Railway bond. He and his quaint carpet bag had only been in town twenty-four hours, but in that time Mr. Todd did such tall hustling in the furtherance of the mission that brought him from his far-away home in the Dominion that a successful result was inevitable. The earlier part of the morning Mr. Todd spent in sightseeing, but promptly at nine o'c'ock, bag in hand, presented himself



"BY GOSH! THAT'S A FIRE."

at the office of Lawyer Edward K. Jones on the tenth floor of the Stokes building, 47 Cedar street.

"Mr. Jones in?" he asked of the lawyer's clerk, who smilingly recognized the eccentric visitor of the preceding day.

"Not yet, sir," was the courteous reply.

"Well, I'll be gosh darned! Ain't I ever going t' get the money on that bond! I've waited twenty-one years. Ain't that long enough?"

"If you'll sit down, Mr. Todd," said the clerk soothingly, "Mr. Jones will soon be in."

Mr. Todd deposited his carpet bag on the floor and sat down with a jerk. He got up with an even more decided jerk a minute later when the telephone bell suddenly rang.

"By gosh! that's a fire!" shrieked Mr. Todd, as he grabbed his bag and rushed for the door,

MR. TODD GETS HIS MONEY.

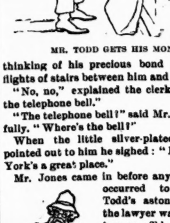
thinking of his precious bond and the ten flights of stairs between him and the sidewalk.

"No, no," explained the clerk, "that's only the telephone bell."

"The telephone bell?" said Mr. Todd, doubtfully. "Where's the bell?"

When the little silver-plated thing was pointed out to him he sighed: "By gum! New York's a great place."

Mr. Jones came in before anything further occurred to excite Mr. Todd's astonishment, and the lawyer was soon dictating an affidavit in the Canadian's case to a stenographer. Mr. Todd watched the writing machine closely while the document was being dashed off, and asked a great many questions about it when the operation was completed. He had never seen such a thing before, he said. He hesitated a long while about signing the affidavit, and when an order on the Union Trust Company for $234.43 was handed him he turned the paper over suspiciously. "That's good, is it?" he queried.



"IF IT DROPS, IT'LL DROP IN THEM BOOTS."

"Yes, it's good," Mr. Jones assured him.

"And I'll get the money on it?" persisted Mr. Todd.

"Yes."

"Well, good day," and Mr. Todd, carpet bag, money order and all, disappeared. Not long afterward he returned in a very excited state of mind. "Look here," he said despondently, "ain't I ever goin' to get that money?" When he cooled down a little he told Mr. Jones that the people at the bank didn't know Todd of Wainfleet, Canada, and wouldn't give him the cash for his order. Then Mr. Jones sent him back with a clerk to identify him. At the Union Trust Company Mr. Todd received an order on the Manhattan Bank, and the clerk followed along to see that he got his long-delayed money. When the bank clerk asked the old man to sign the order preparatory to handing over the cash, Mr. Todd's suspicions were again aroused.

"I dunno about that," he said.

"That's all right," the lawyer's clerk assured him, and Mr. Todd, with great deliberation, affixed his signature to the paper.

"Now sign that," said the bank clerk, pushing a receipt toward Mr. Todd.

"No, I'll be gosh darned if I will," was the determined reply. "I'll not sign another durned thing till I get my money. I've waited twenty-one years for it, by gosh! and I want it right off."

With some persuasion Mr. Jones' clerk induced the old man to write his name a second time, and at last the $234.43 was counted out to him. He went over the bills and small change half a dozen times to make sure that the amount was correct. Then he pulled up his waistcoat, stowed the roll away somewhere in the region of his waistband, and, tucking his trowsers into the legs of his boots, he remarked, with a knowing smile, "If it drops, why, it drops into them boots."

At the door of the bank he asked Mr. Jones' clerk which way the Bowery was, and being directed there he hurried off, muttering something about buying some toggery that would surprise folks in Wainfleet.—*New York Sun.*

Ungrateful Queen Victoria.

"COME, come, Jane," said Uriah Jones, impatiently spearing another potato about the size of a prize citron, "what do you know about queens? Blest if the old woman isn't a-puffing of herself out into a reg'lar sassiety somebody, an' the fust thing you girls 'll know you'll ketch her at one of them ball-hop businesses without any bib-an'-tucker on, exposing herself scandalous. You don't know nothing about queens, Jane, and never will know, seeing as you're a woman, and women can't understand politics. What has she—she's got lots to do with politics, everything to do with politics, there ain't no politics without her. See here," and Uriah held up his fork in one hand and checked off its three tines with the blade of his knife. "But wait—Mary, lend me your fork, it's got the middle prong broked out—now see, this prong is the Queen, this broken one is the King (he's dead and gone, you know), and this'n is the Ace, which beats 'em both, meaning Gladstone, of course. That's what the Queen has to do with politics," concluded Uriah triumphantly, resuming his meal, while his wife and two daughters sat overpowered by an illustration so graphic and unanswerable.

"You'd look nice," he resumed mercilessly, pouring out his tea and scraping the bottom of his cup on the edge of his saucer, "without any bib-and-tucker and with your shoulders unkivered, going around telling people about the Queen and all the Royal Fambly——"

"Aw, what did I say?"

"Nothing—nothing at all. You never say nothing. Maybe you didn't say that if I did so-and-so I de making a so-and-so of myself. Come, now, maybe you didn't say that?"

"So you will."

"Howsom'dever, that letter's writ, and that letter goes, fool or no fool. I tell you queens isn't like other women. She'll be glad I sent her word about these things. This country is not going in for annexation, and in this letter I've jist sot her mind at rest about it. Of course, if she wants to get stuck up about it and calls me a fool, why let her fire ahead; I won't be no wuss off than I am now. If she can get along without me, why I guess I'll try and wiggle along without her."

Saying this in a tone that implied that one pillar at least of the throne rested on his broad back, the old farmer arose and took a large square envelope out of the clock. Remarking that he would read it over to them and make any corrections they could suggest, he put on his spectacles and commenced:

ELMROOT P.O., ONT.

Dear Queen,—I take my pen in hand to write you these few lines to tell you that everything is all right and that you must not be scared by the talk about annexation. Golden Smith is at the head of it. He's not our fault; he came from England, and—Jane, if you saw that man you'd want to get right to work and punch a lot of hay into him. He is so blamed thin that his vest turns around on him if he looks sideways, and if he came here to board you'd look at him and wonder what to cook. Not potatoes, says you, nor meat, nor eggs, nor cabbage, nor turnips, nor pies, nor nothing that was solid, nor nothing that was rich, and all you could think of doing would be to flop right down and pray for him—*from England, and Sol. White doesn't count for anything, either, nor Elgin Mitres*—How d'ye spell his name? That's right—see—isn't it?"

"No; it's M-y-e-r-s!"

"Oh, y-r your grandmother! It's nothing of the sort. I wasn't sure about that 'e,' but it goes the way I've writ it—*Mires, for he's after a job somehow in the business. You can rest esy and sleep content. Our L. O. L. passed a motion which it's not allowed for me to say its contents, and you con rest esy. If there's anything more you'd like to know, address me at* URIAH JONES,

Elmroot.

"Gosh, I just wisht I could write like I can talk and I'd say lots more," exclaimed Uriah, desiring to provoke praise from his auditors, for he had a sneaking idea that his letter was a marvel of concise fact and a barrel of good news to Her Trembling Majesty. He hitched up his horse and drove into the village and posted his letter quietly.

A week later one of the girls went into town and brought home the mail from the post-office. The mail matter consisted of a paper and one large yellow envelope, and the family being at supper, these were dutifully handed to the old farmer, pompously presiding at the north end. Any kind of a letter was enough in that house to cause all to sit agape, but when this great big yellow envelope came, not one present could breathe comfortably. Uriah mastered his surging feelings and asked Sarah to get his spectacles and Mary to get the scissors, and his wife to turn up the light and set it nearer. Then he gave a dignified exclamation of pleasure, held it aloft for his wife's inspection, remarked that she knew a heap about the "Royal Fambly" and declared that it was an answer from the Queen, and a big one, too, as the thickness of the envelope proved. He showed that there was no postage stamp on the letter, but, printed across the top corner the magic words "On Her Majesty's Service." It was the proudest moment of his life. The family, with eyes protruding, stood about, too awed to speak, as the pompous parent gently and reverently cut open the end of the royal epistle, but this is what it yielded up:

DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE.

Ottawa, Canada.

Bulletin No. 16.

EXPERIMENTS IN THE FEEDING OF STEERS.

November, 1892.

Uriah Jones is an annexationist now. If the Queen had seen fit to leave his letter unanswered altogether he would not have had any bad feelings, but for her to send him that printed thing intimating that it was his business to feed steers and Hers to steer the ship of state—which his wife and daughters all agreed was the only meaning that could be taken from Her answer—why, it was too much, and he would show her where she stood in this country. He, a pillar of the throne, has pulled himself out from under, and it is liable to go down almost any one of these days. ZEKE.

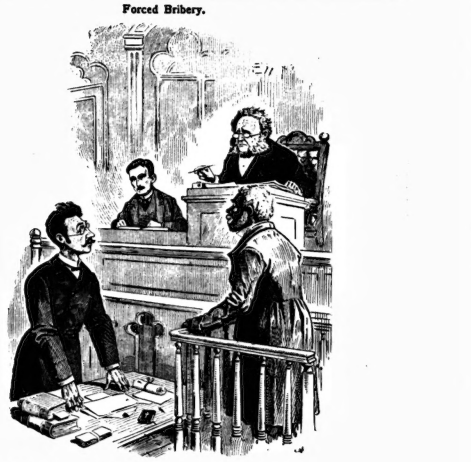
Proof Positive.

Tornado Tom—He was tough, but his heart was in the right place.

Blizzard Bill—That so?

Tornado Tom—Yes. I shot for the place where it ought to be and, by gum, it was right there!

Forced Bribery.



Judge.—You admit that you bribed the witness, as the other side charge!
Lawyer.—Yes, your Honor; but—
Judge (severely)—What?
Lawyer.—I bribed him to tell the truth. He was going to lie for the other side.—*Puck.*

TWICE LOST:

A Tale of Love and Fortune.

By RICHARD DOWLING,

Author of "The Hidden Flame," "Fatal Bonds," "Tempest Driven," "A Baffling Quest," Etc.

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CHAPTER XXXV.

IN THE FOREST PRIMEVAL.

For nine days after John had fled from San Pedro he was buried in the primeval forest. He was town born, a Londoner, and knew no more of tree, or water, or desert than could be gathered in a few brief holidays in settled England or from a few travelers' books read for mere delight of the passing hour. He had lived he knew not how, on fruit where the forest was less dense, on nuts fallen from the mighty trees, on roots and bark, on next to nothing.

He had written down the instructions given to him by the friendly Indian. These instructions might have been ample for a man who knew the signs of the waste, who had learnt the freemasonry of forest lore, but he had not plunged four hours into the wilderness before he knew he was lost beyond hope of recovering himself.

That first day, during what remained of light after he had come to the overwhelming conclusion that he was adrift without compass or clue in the trackless immensity of fastnesses never before invaded by the foot of red or white man, he lay prone upon the dark herbless loam formed of a thousand years of leaves and branches, and fruit and nuts dropping from inaccessible billows of foliage a hundred feet above his head.

It was dusk in these umbrageous glades at noon and in his soul it was deepest night.

He did not once raise his head, but lay motionless, his forehead resting on his arms. He knew that alligators and jaguars abounded and swarmed in these regions. He resolved to await death by one of them.

Hour after hour he lay like a log, like a fallen tree of the forest, all his faculties and powers and emotions suspended. His state was that of a creature in his lethargic sleep, that of an enthusiast in his trance.

"I am to die," he thought, on flinging himself down on the mould under the impassive trees, whose trunks rose from the brown solitude of the soft detritus of the trees to the green ocean of foliage. "I am to die. Death is decreed upon me. Why should I go further to meet it? I will wait here until it comes."

Time had no place in his thoughts. He did not know the hours were going by. He was not conscious of the lapse of time. He was aware of nothing but a dull, heartless, lifeless life which he wished would pass away. He believed it would pass away with a shock and odious violence to his flesh and rending of his body by savage beasts. He was not curious as to the manner in which he should cease to be. He was only dully expecting that he should cease to be and careless of the agony through which he should reach the end.

He had a feeling that his life was already over, that John Crane, a London watchmaker and optician in whom he once took an interest, was no more. He had dimly in his mind a consciousness that if many things which had happened had not happened, prospects would be different with this John Crane; but at present John Crane was passing through a transition state from which he would awake presently into the state everlasting.

He lay with his shut eyes resting on his arms, how long he did not know. All the time he so lay his ears were filled with noises loud and shrill, noises of creatures in fur and feather in the trees; creatures which he, having no knowledge in such matters, had thought of merely as monkeys and birds, or birds and monkeys. The monkeys and birds were, he knew, high aloft, never came down to the mould on which he lay, had no more to do with him than the waves upon the shore hundreds of miles away, had no more to do with him now than England and the Thames.

Suddenly he became aware of a great change—a change in himself! Had the end come unexpectedly, and were his eyes about to open on the Everlasting!

His ears were already failing him, his skin felt co'd. He had not been conscious of the exercise of any sense but that of hearing for a long time, and now he could hear no more! The damp of death seemed stealing like cold, clammy fingers round his neck. Had death come upon him in some more merciful form than the tiger's claws or the alligator's tooth? Had he flung himself down beneath one of those trees whose shade is oblivion and a grave!

He tried to move his lower limbs. They were numbed and stiff already. If he lifted his head should he see things no eyes ever saw that living tongue had told of?

He raised his head and opened his eyes.

Yes, he was right. His senses were leaving him gradually; but no glorious spectacle of the Hereafter yet awaited his sight. He saw nothing. He was blind—blind as well as deaf, and the cold hand which had been feeling his neck now crept over his face from the tingling forehead which had rested on his elbow to the nose and cheek and mouth and chin down to the throat.

His sense of touch remained, and something of his sense of smell, but hearing and sight, the noblest pair of the senses, were gone already.

What was that?

With a cry he sprang to his feet. Suddenly the air was riven with that solitary, fierce, musical twang of a single note louder than all the musical notes of man sounding in one string; that mysterious, overwhelming, unaccountable sound of forest night which went in tribulation among the shivering trees.

Then he knew all.

He was not deaf or blind. The sounds of the birds and of apes had ceased, and he could not see because the sun had set. Birds and apes were asleep, and it was night in this forlorn forest!

With a groan he dropped to the ground and crawled on his hands and knees until his hands encountered the root of a tree. Puffing his back against the mighty root he crouched, shivering with chattering teeth and agued hands and paralyzed mind.

Here, throughout the darkness he sat, his head upon his knees, with only one thought in his torpid brain:

"The rapacious beasts prey by night. If a puma should be here—he comes out after sundown to feed—or the voracious and savage jaguar finds his victims in the darkness, so in darkness mercy may be shown to me, and my body may be rent and my spirit set free from its misery."

But time, which was for him only a present time, with dull expectancy of deliverance, went on and brought no change. He heard the noises of the ghostly wood stir in the folds of the funereal robes of night. He heard the noises which came again and again; the cry of bird and the shriek of ape, and fall of dead branches, and the drop of the tree serpent into the bird's nest.

He heard also those soul-chilling solitary sounds which come in a hush and leave a silence behind—mournful sounds that are apart and comfortless, like beast of prey, like the tiger, like the lion; sounds which have no history and no peer, sounds which terrify because, like man's own soul, they are inexplicable and alone.

For Crane the interminable present went on without intermission, and brought no growl of doom, no talons of fate with the blessed end. Whether the night lasted an hour or a century he did not know, he only knew he sat motionless and mute, and that death did not come, that nothing came in this eternal present.

All at once, before his eyes a green luminousness came upon the air afar off in a glade, as though he were looking upward at light through the sea. The green, which at first was deep olive, paled and brightened until it shone no darker than thistle down in the sun. He looked around, and saw the lofty black-robed shadows of night stalking away into impenetrable fastnesses of trees down dim aisles and transepts of the forest until all the night was gone, and the whole place of a sudden filled with sober light, which seemed risen up out of the brown mould on the ground rather than shot from the sun, shielded by the plumes of the trees in the hidden east. Then all at once, with a universal scream and deafening whirr, the whole roof of the forest seemed lifting up, about to fly away, as countless myriads of birds rose in one flight overhead and took wing into the morning towards the sun.

Day had broken in the forest, and all nature was at work again.

For a while Crane sat motionless, looking and listening. He too was awake and alive. He had been awake all through the night, but now he was awake and alive.

He saw the birds for a moment stoop down into the green concaves overhead, birds of plumage more gorgeous in color and sheen than the sunlight shining on all the burnished metal of man. The birds dipped into the cool, moist, dusky gloom, and then bore upward to the dense foliage above to regain their skyey domes and towers and minarets far out of sight of the lost wanderer.

He saw the apes and squirrels and other furred creatures, the like of which he had never known, leaping and bounding and swinging a hundred feet above his head. Here and there he saw what seemed at first thin vibrating branches, until they passed away without falling to the ground, and Crane knew the thin ribbons were snakes. The snakes crept upward and vanished.

Down the vast alleys of giant trees, festoons of creeping plants hung like ropes of emerald and olive lace, with brilliant orchids of a hundred hues clinging to the trunks and branches like flicks of sunlight in the gloom.

The birds swooped down from aloft and swept upward again, the apes and squirrels darted down from aloft and disappeared aloft. The snakes crept from bough to bough aloft. The parasite on the trees hung from aloft.

All things of life were born above. Below was nothing but the brown earth and the brown trunks of the prodigious trees, mere pillars, inert and lifeless, on which rested the radiant canopy of foliage and bloom, the endless palaces, and fields, and lawns, and galleries and mounds, and valleys of the arboreal plumage of earth, through which sported, and flitted, and floated, and swam everlastingly in the unbroken light of a tropical sun, birds of uniforms more daring and brilliant than ever painter saw in his dreams of Paradise.

Here as he gazed, Crane saw aloft a hundred feet above his head, the base of the living world, a world of efflorescence hung between earth and the blue fields of heaven, between the sky living with light and the earth dead with the dead detritus of the trees.

All the life was above. Below was nothing but the insentient trunks of trees, and mould formed of things which were dead had fallen from above, things which never once touched earth in life, things which lived in life in their airy palaces aloft, and only came here to the ground below when they were dead, came here only for burial! This place where he sat was the cemetery for the forest's superabundant life above! He was in the labyrinthine catacomb of the vegetable world!

With a cry Crane rose from the ground where he reclined against the gnarled roots of the giant tree. Was he already submerged below life! Only dead things were here. Now he knew why no fierce rapacious beast had crept upon him in the night and torn him limb from limb. No beast of prey came that way, for no living things trod the ground of this terrible forest. All things on the level where he stood were dead. He was the only living creature in this cemetery of the abounding life of leaf and flower, and bird and beast above! Down here he alone was alive! Life in the plumy foliage of the forest was as much apart and inaccessible as life beyond the sun and stars!

He had been awaiting death all that night, when already he had been buried!

The shock of this terrible thought roused him. His spirit rose. He would not accept this doom. He had not died the death of nature and he would not accept the decree of circumstances. He was not dead and he would not die. He would live to the last breath nature would let him draw. Neither the solitude nor the night of the forest should kill him. He would conquer this solitude, this terrible forest. He would break through this desperate barrier of silence and shade and isolation. He would pierce through the intolerable fastness, and once more fill his eyes with the blue of unimpeded heaven and the blue of the free open sea. The sea! The sea that touched the shores of this land and the shores of England! The sea that made a broad and unincumbered roadway to England, to the window at which his woman sat waiting for his return.

For Edith Orr was his woman still, or no other woman on earth should ever be his. He had released her from her engagement, it was true, but that was only in a form of words with no meaning in it. She was his heart and he was hers, and if this belt of forest was thrice as deep he would break through it back to her, back to her arms and kisses though all the powers of earth and air rose up to bar his path. On towards her arms and kisses he would keep until he fell dead or got through, for she was his heart, his woman, himself.

He held out his arms towards the new light in the forest.

There, where the sun shone this morning, was the east, and in the east was she, his woman, and to her he was going until he dropped. His road to her lay into the east, and each morning while life was in him he would set his course by that eastern sun, and all day he would keep his face and his feet toward the east where she awaited him.

What were the glooms and terrors of the forest for him when the world was lighted up for him with that glory of womanhood in the east? What cared he for feral fang or claw? Fang and claw were only death, and in the east were life and she!

He did not know what had happened, but this first dawn on his solitude in the forest had brought passion into the soul of this man. He did not know what had happened, but he felt he had taken the stature of a giant and the free spirit of a god.

"The breath of God is in me," he thought, "and that is stronger than the forest, and I shall outlive the myriad trees."

That was on the morning following his setting out alone from San Pedro for the coast. For days he had kept on, steering as best he could for the east. In the east was the sea, and in the sea deliverance some time, though delayed.

As day flushed the east on the ninth morning he became conscious of a change in the green light of the dawn among the trees. It was whiter and more transparent as he rose and stared before him towards the sun.

With a shout he dashed forward, and running through one long open glade found himself free of the trees, facing a long low track of lush green grass bright as emerald in the morning mist.

"Free!" he shouted, "free! I am on my way home at last!" He clasped his hands and raised them to the blazing sun. "I shall look at the sea again, and England, and my heart, my heart, myself, my Edith."

He flung himself into the long lush grass, and gathered the grass to his breast and sobbed. He bathed his face in the grass, and pressed it to his weary eyes, and wept over the sweet, soft green grass that told him he was on the downward incline of the land, on the slope which fell and fell until the man who crossed it could step into the sea!

A huge snake wriggled away from him through the grass. A herd of antelopes, upon the plain, took fright and fled swiftly out of sight. This limitless infinite expanse of grass, this desert prairie, was the first stage on his road to home and her.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

BEN SHERWIN'S DESPERATE RESOLVE.

"You must know, Mr. Sherwin," said Edith Orr to Ben, "that although Mr. Crane told me a great deal about his business before he went away, two things have happened which leave me as though I knew next to nothing."

"I am aware of that," said Ben, running his hand through his hair, perplexed and solemn.

It was the day after the bad news arrived from America, the day after the announcement of Wrighton & Fry's bankruptcy, the day after Frank Jeaves as Mr. Edward Pancourt, took up his lodgings at No. 3 Muscovy place. Ben had written saying he wished to see Mrs. Orr on business. Mrs. Orr had explained to Mr. Sherwin that her daughter was better acquainted with affairs, and Edith and Ben were now met in the parlor for business talk.

"When Mr. Crane was going away," said Edith, resting her arm on the table and staring into Ben's face as if the young man were a graven image, "he made quite sure of getting a large sum in America, and he had no notion whatever that Wrighton & Fry would want their money back, or that they were in a bad way."

"I had heard some rumors about Wrighton & Fry," said Ben, feeling far from comfortable under the steady look of the beautiful girl, "but neither he nor I believed the rumors."

"And now you think that Wrighton & Fry will insist on getting their money?"

"They would not ask for the money if they were to go on still, but they are not to go on. They are to be wound up—not like a clock or a watch, Miss Orr, so that they may go, but they are to be wound up in order that they may stop! It's a ridiculous thing to wind up a clock or a watch in order that it may stop."

Ben's mind was deserting him completely under the steady eyes of the girl. Without any justification whatever for the sensation, he felt unutterably base and stupid.

"And you think the money will be wanted before he comes back?" She had never allowed herself for a moment to question her Jack's coming back. She knew he was coming back. She was as certain her Jack was coming back to her, no matter where he might happen to be now, as that the sun, no matter where it might be now, was coming back to the east.

"I am afraid so," said Ben with a sigh, a sigh caused not by consideration for the affairs of Wrighton & Fry or Crane & Co., but by the increased confusion the steady gaze of his companion produced. "That is," he said helplessly, "if you don't stop it."

The girl drew slightly back, and for a moment looked in puzzled surprise at Ben's face, which now seemed to her the most empty region of space she had ever seen. "How on earth did you know I had it in my mind to do anything?" she asked, contracting her brows.

"I didn't know it, Miss Orr—I don't know it. All I know is, that if you wished to do it, you could."

"I am delighted to hear you say so. I don't believe you could have thought of my plan. What do you fancy I propose doing?"

"Going to them and asking them to let the claim lie over."

"But, good gracious, Mr. Sherwin! You have just said they, the people who are to wind up Wrighton & Fry, must have the money—will take nothing else."

"That is if Crane or I went. But if you went and asked them—if you went and asked the man who had charge of the affairs to hold back, he'd do it at once. He'd do what you asked off the reel."

The girl leant back on her chair and regarded Ben steadily for a few moments. She was not now looking at him as if he were a statue, but as if he were a stranger who had just entered the room, a stranger of whom it was desirable to gather all that could be found by seeing, before proceeding further.

After the pause, during which he stared straight out of the window at the river, she bent forward and holding up her finger at him, began, as he withdrew his gaze from the Thames and turned it on her: "Mr. Sherwin, when Mr. Crane was going away he left his business and my mother's business here, and this house, my mother and me in your charge——"

"He thought he did, Miss Orr, and I thought he did, Miss Orr, and no doubt you thought he did, Miss Orr, but he, and you, and I were all mistaken."

She rose slowly from her chair, and going over to the mantel-piece looked down at Ben. His face, still dull and stupid, was raised towards here. His arms, stretched out before him, rested on the table.

"What on earth does this man mean?" she asked, in a low voice.

"I mean," said he, "he thought he did all you say, but that really he left everything in your charge. He left us all in your care, Miss Orr. When I am near you I always feel I am a complete fool. At the best I am not up to much. But when I am in your presence all my mind leaves me. It would be only nonsense if I went on any longer pretending to command the ship. I am only fit to fetch and carry for you. I will give my life for you or Jack Crane, but I resign my command into your hands now and for ever, and if your first orders are that instead of leaving this room by the door Ben Sherwin is to go by the window into the Thames, I'll take very good care, Miss Orr, that he carries out your commands."

She crossed the room, and holding out her hand to him said, with tears in her eyes, "Mr. Sherwin, we will both work for him."

Ben rose and took her hand, and bowing low over it said, "At any time, Miss Orr, you may command my life." He kissed her hand.

"Now," said she, taking her chair, "shall we go on with our business talk?"

He sat down and said:

"We have been going on with our business talk—with a most important part of it. Jack's letter to me was written in the belief that Wrighton & Fry would renew. They can't, and I am perfectly unable to originate any scheme myself. But under you I am fit to do anything. I may be a faithful captain but I am no general, and I feel that it was a piece of stupid pretentious hypocrisy for me to pretend to command when I knew everything needed was to be found in your brain, not in mine. There is, Miss Orr, a private and personal matter I want to speak about, but later—later."

"But," said she, with a smile, "why not now?"

"Because," said he gravely, "it is a purely personal affair, and ought to come after our business. I'll do my best to remember it before I go away."

"Very well. Be sure you remember. My plan is a very simple one. My mother and I have no money. The little my father left is all gone. But we do not owe any. I have been talking to my mother, and we want you to borrow a hundred and eighty pounds on the stock and furniture of this place."

"But Wrighton & Fry couldn't lend sixpence."

"I know that. But when Mr. Crane was telling me about his borrowing he mentioned that there were people who lend money as a matter of business, not as a matter of favor.

"No doubt; but the expense is much greater and there is more risk," said he dubiously.

"The expense we cannot help, and I suppose the risk cannot be any greater than Mr. Crane runs, after all with Wrighton & Fry—nothing worse can come than that the people may want their money back again."

"Oh, they may sell you up if you don't pay."

"Very well, that's what they will do for certain in Mr. Crane's case, and the only way I see of saving his business is by doing what I say."

"But then if Crane is not bringing back money he cannot pay and you will be sold up."

"We must chance that. Mr. Crane is on his way home, and it is better he should find his business all right than this place all right when he returns."

"But suppose some accident prevents him getting back."

"Nothing but his death can prevent his getting back, and if he dies it does not matter what happens to us here. My mother says so. You, Mr. Sherwin, can arrange this loan for us. It is the only plan we have left, and a few minutes ago you said you would place yourself at my orders."

He got up and shook his head gravely. "Only that I gave you my word for my obedience I should not do this."

"What!" she said, with a laugh, "going back from your promise! revolting from your allegiance already!"

He shook his head again. He did not like the idea at all. "I only wish, Miss Orr, I could think of anything to prevent your doing this; but I can't, so I suppose you must be obeyed."

"That is not a very complete or satisfactory form of obedience, but if it is the best I can get from you I suppose I must be satisfied. Lose no time. And now, Mr. Sherwin, as we have got rid of business, what is this private matter you promised to tell me of? I plainly see you are not going to remember it or are deliberately forgetting."

Oh, yes," said he, "of course," and then taking up his hat off the table he began twirling it round hastily, examining the brim for the imaginary break. He got red in the face, and confused in manner. At last, after a struggle, he dropped his hat, and clasped his hands like a man who had made up his mind to a desperate course. "The fact of the matter is, Miss Orr, I think it would be best for all of us if I fell in love."

"Gracious me!" said she, with a laugh; "what a terrible resolution! And what, Mr. Sherwin, has driven you to it?"

"Well," said he nervously, "I feel, Miss Orr, that I want something to steady me."

"But you are a rock of sense, Mr. Sherwin."

"Well," he said ruefully, "if I am a rock of sense I often feel precious like a rock on a

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wabble. Anyway, I have been thinking for some time that I ought to do it."

"And how, Mr. Sherwin, do you propose setting about it?"

"Well, you see, Miss Orr, a little while ago I met three most charming young ladies——"

"Three! You don't mean to say you are in love with all three at once?"

"No. Indeed, I am only slightly acquainted with the ladies to whom I refer, and I dare say it would take a little time before I could arrange it."

"Arrange what?" asked she, with another laugh. "Arrange to make the better acquaintance of the three girls, or arrange the falling in love?"

"Well, partly both. You see it was meeting you so often, as a friend, put it into my head."

"Oh, I see," said she gaily; "meeting me so often as a friend put it into your head you would like to meet some other girl as an enemy!"

"No, Miss Orr, but meeting you so often as a friend, and knowing someone who is far away had met you as more than a friend, put it into my head that I might find someone who would be more than a friend, and when I was exploring Hoxton for Mrs. Jeaters——"

"Hush!" said Edith, holding up her hand in warning. "Remember, we do not know that name; we must never use it, even among ourselves, lest it might slip on us when she is present. Mr. Crane told me about your adventures in Hoxton. I hope you will pay that place another visit, and that you will fall in love with as many girls as the custom of Hoxton allows."

"I am glad," said he, with a laugh, "that I have your good wishes."

"By the way," said she, "I am afraid between getting ready for the man who must come about the loan, and our new lodger Mr. Fancourt——"

"Of whom, by the way, I think Jack had no great opinion," he interrupted.

"That is so. But many things have been changed, and many things have been explained since, and I for one am going to like Mr. Fancourt until I know something against him, and everything I know of him and all I see of him is in his favor up to this——"

Again Ben interrupted: "I have a notion that, although, of course, Jack would not own such a thing for a moment, a good deal of Jack's objection to this Mr. Fancourt sprung from a wish that he might not be found possessing too many perfections in your eyes."

She paused a moment, drew herself up to her full height and said slowly: "Mr. Sherwin, it is more than likely if we do not quarrel we shall meet very often for some time. One more remark such as you have now made would prevent my ever meeting you again."

"I beg—I beg your pardon," said he, very humbly and sincerely. "I talked to you as if you were an ordinary girl. I forgot you are Edith Orr."

She bowed and flushed slightly. There was a great tribute in the words and the tone of the young man.

"Will you forgive and forget?"

"As though it had not been," she said, and held out her hand to him. He touched it, and backing to the door said, "You were about to say something to me when I forgot myself."

"Yes. I may not be able to call on Mrs. Blackwood to-day. Mrs. Blackwood said the last day I saw her that she often amused herself with fancy stitching. Will you call and ask her if she would like to mark half a dozen shirts for our new lodger, Mr. Fancourt?"

"I'll give your message and bring the answer to you later. There is someone at the door."

"Come in," said the girl.

Frank Jeaters entered. "I have come," said Jeaters, bowing to Edith and inclining his head politely to Ben, "for my miserable old portmanteau which is still under the——"

"Miserable old couch," interrupted Edith, completing the sentence for him with a laugh.

"And to ask you, Miss Orr, if you would favor me with a few minutes' conversation as soon as you are quite disengaged."

"That is now, Mr. Fancourt," said Edith. "Won't you sit down?"

"Thank you," he said, as he seated himself opposite to her.

Sherwin bowed and withdrew with a very grave face. Despite the rebuff he had just received when he alluded to the possible jealousy of Crane, he would much prefer the handsome Mr. Fancourt had found lodgings elsewhere.

Edith felt embarrassed. The entrance of Fancourt at that moment lent irritating emphasis to Sherwin's hint. Nothing could be more monstrous than that any feeling of jealousy should have led John Crane to object to Fancourt as a lodger—and yet monstrous things do occur now and then.

"Ha!" thought Jeaters, "why does she look confused? Is she already so favorably disposed that my mere coming into the room makes her pale and flush?" He said, "I have been speaking to your mother and she has sent me to you."

"Then it must be a matter of importance," said she, forcing a smile and feeling a little uneasy.

"It is a matter of some importance," said he. "You can spare me a few minutes?"

"Yes." The girl felt a most inexplicable and unusual apprehension. She had a presentiment which made her gasp, vague though it was, that this interview would have a momentous influence on her future.

(To be Continued.)

Bound to be Popular.

Miss Quigley—The Reverend Mr. Trimmer seems to be a very scholarly man. Is he popular?

Mr. Twigley—Immensely so! He expounds the doctrines of his congregation.

A New Kind of Note.

Beasley—That note of yours is due, Fleecy.

Fleecy—What note?

Beasley—Why, here it is—'One month after date I promise to pay,' etc.

Fleecy—That isn't 'one month after date;' that's 'one month after death.'

The arid Region.

"De Mesa! Oh, ee's cultivating his voice."

"But he drinks so hard!"

"Well, you know he's from the Southwest, where they can't cultivate without irrigation."

The Old Settler.

The news had come in that a hunter back on P'laon Run had bagged two deer at one shot, and there was great diversity of opinion at the tavern as to whether the hunter had actually done it or not. Some professed to believe it, while others loudly proclaimed that they would bet a little something that there wasn't a word of truth in it. The Squire was among the latter, and the Old Settler coming in when the discussion was at its height, he was placed in possession of the disturbing news.

"W'at ye think 'bout it, Major?" asked the Squire.

"Who were the hunter?" said the Old Settler, sitting down and assuming a wise and judicial air.

"Baisly Cronk," replied the Squire.

"O' Cronk Hill?" asked the Old Settler.

"Yes; him."

"Do y' know wuther his gun were loaded tol'able heavy?"

"Dunno nuthin' 'bout his gun!"

"Did y' hear wuther he were patienter than common w'ile he were waitin' fer his shot?"

"Durn his patience! Do y' b'lieve he got them two deer at one shot or don't y'?"

"Were tha anythin' said 'bout his waitin' till he see the whites o' their eyes?"

"See here, Major!" exclaimed the Squire, his patience exhausted, "be I a witness in a britch o' promise suit, or be I wantin' to know wha t' think 'bout Baisly Cronk gettin' them two deer at one shot? It don't make no diff'rence, ex a matter o' that, w'at y' think, but w'at's all this here rigmarole o' your'n got to do with it?"

"Squire," said the Old Settler blandly, and without a feather ruffled, "allus load yer gun heavy an' hev patience, an' don't shoot till y' see the whites o' their eyes. Then if y' don't git enough b'ar meat an' venison, et cattery, at one shot to last y' pooty nigh all winter, it'll be sumpin', b'gosht'lmighty, that hain't in none o' the perceedents o' the past that I know anythin' about! That is, providin' y' don't shoot too high, or too low, or too much on one side, or too much on t'other. Tha hain't nuthin' that'll knock perceedents inter a cocked hat so quick ex that kind o' shootin'! Do I b'lieve Baisly Cronk got them two deer at one shot? Not if he didn't hev his gun loaded heavy, nor didn't hev no patience, nor didn't wait till he see the whites o' their eyes, I don't. If he did hev all them, o' course I b'lieve it. An' if his gun were loaded heavy enough, an' he had patience enough, an' he waited till he see the whites o' their eyes enough, he orter got more than two deer at one shot, b'gosht'lmighty! Tha's perceedents for it."

There was a look of mingled disgust and commiseration on the Squire's face as he stood for a moment gazing at the Old Settler. Then he exclaimed:

"Mebbe tha is perceedents fer it, but if tha's any perceedent fer a man a-gittin' as foolly ez you be, day arter day, I never heerd on it."

"Mebbe!" said the Old Settler, with surprising and aggravating calmness. "But then tha's a good many things you never heerd on, Squire, an' I shouldn't wonder if one of 'em were the time I stood on a runway fer an hour seein' a b'ar feedin' an' prancin' around in the scruboaks, an' not wunst a-pullin' head on him, 'cause I had patience, b'goshi, an' know'd that if I handled things right the future were bulgin' fer me with more than jiff one b'ar! I shouldn't wonder a bit, Squire, but w'at that time were one o' the things you never heerd on!"

The Squire shook his head slowly, and as if soliloquizing over some melancholy fact, muttering: "Foolier and foolier ev'ry day! An' his pap lived to be eighty-six an' wa'n't a mite childa sensibler woman at ninety-six than his ol' mammy were I never see!"

The Old Settler bristled a little, and there was a little warmth in his tongue as he remarked:

"I was sayin' to M'riar only this mornin', 'M'riar,' I says, 'seems to me the Squire's gettin' oncommon sociable all to wunst, hain't he? I says.

"'How so?' says M'riar.

"'W'y,' I says, 'he's stopped at the gate more'n a dozen times this week,' I says, 'an' ast p'tic'lar how you was,' I says, 'an' how yer lard tried out,' I says, 'an' how my roomytis were,' I says, 'an' if my 'taters was rottin' any,' I says, 'an' if we wouldn't like to try a roastin' o' his spare ribs,' I says, 'an' seemed ter'ble anxious,' I says, 'about how things was turnin' out 'round our premises in giner'l,' I says. 'It's ben a year an' better,' I says, 'sence the squire has ben so oncommon sociable an' anxious. W'at do y' s'pose has struck him, M'riar?' I says.

"'Mebbe he's heerd,' says M'riar, 'bout them three bar'l o' cider we've rolled inter the cellar,' says she.

"'B'goshi!' says I. 'That's it!'"

The Squire's response to this sally of the Old Settler was lost in the burst of laughter that the latter called forth, and when quiet was restored he was serene and good-natured, and the Old Settler was beaming again. But he was not to be diverted from what he had set out to narrate, and he immediately resumed:

"Lippy Conkright, he says to me one da y, he says, 'Sile, tha's a slammin' big buck jist achin' fer a dose o' lead over on Wild Gander,' he says. 'Le's go an' plug some inter it,' he says. That jist suited me clean through, an' we went.

"'Will y' drive the ridge?' says Lippy. 'Or will y' stan' on the runway?'

"'Well, Lippy,' I says, 'bein's it's a cold an' squally day an' the runway is the toughest job,' I says, 'you kin drive.'

"So Lippy took the dogs an' went off back on the ridge to start out the big buck. I put myself on the ol' red oak runway on' waited fer the unfort'nit deer to come along. I hadn't ben there ten minutes 'fore off on the scrub oak barren I see a golthumpin' big b'ar come out an' go to feedin' on the acorns. My gun were loaded heavy, I kin tell ye, an' I says to my-self:

"'See here, b'ar,' I says, 'you come a leetle nigher, b'gosh, an' I'll hef to harvest ye!

"Wull, the b'ar, not seein' or gittin' scent o' me, kep' on a-feedin' nigher an' nigher, an' I could a' bored him ex easy ex borin' a hole inter a sap tree, but it comes over me, ex the b'ar fed along, that w'at I wanted to do were to hev patience.

"'We hain't out arter b'ar,' I says. 'We'm arter deer, an' if I plug that b'ar,' I says, 'the buck is liable to hear it an' shy off fer some other runway, an' we won't git him,' I says. 'But,' I says, 'if I hev patience, tha's a future right here on this red oak runway,' I says, 'that'll make comin' generations hol' up their hands an' wonder,' I says.

"So, havin' my gun loaded heavy, an' havin' patience, I stood thar in the blusterin' cold an' waited fer the future. The b'ar fed nigher an' nigher, an' come so close, b'gosh, that I could 'a' twisted fur outen him with a ten-foot pole! Then he fed away ag'in, till he got most out o' range, an' then s'pose I hadn't 'a' had patience! I'd 'a' drawed bead an' plugged that b'ar, sp'iled the future, an' my gray hairs 'd a gone down in sorrer to the grave ev'ry time I'd a thort of it!

"W'ile the b'ar were feedin' away from me, two great big white swamp rabbits come a-lopin' out o' the bushes an' went to grass almost where I could touch 'em. Them kind o' rabbits was sca'er than money in Sugar Swamp deestric' jist then, an' money were so sca'ce that folks usety come twenty miles to git a look at a silver shill'n my pap brought with him from Jersey. If I'd 'a' had my ch'ice I'd rather gathered in them two big white rabbits than the buck of the b'ar, an' if I hadn't had patience an' my eye on the future, I'd 'a' banged away an' got 'em. But I let 'em feed an' said nuthin'. Ez the rabbits fed around, a flock o' pheasants come peckin' and peckin' out inter the openin' right in front o' me. My mammy were considerable low with a fever in them days, an' had been cravin' fer a hunk o' pheasant. I'd ben out ev'ry day for a week, an' I couldn't git pheasant to save my gizzard, an' here was a half a dozen or more, an' all I had to do were to pepper 'em over! I come pooty nigh raisin' my gun an' bangin' 'em, w'en my eye got onter the future ag'in, an' I stood still in the cold wind an' waited.

"Ol' Jedge Sniffets, at the county seat, had a standin' offer o' sixty dollars for the skin of a silver gray fox, but tha hain't one o' them foxes ben seen in the deestric' fer ten year. Ez I stood there, waitin' fer the future, with the big b'ar feedin' in to'rds me ag'in, an' the white rabbits nippin' the grass around me, an' the pheasants peckin' right in front o' me, I heerd sumpin' in the brush, off to my right, an' peekin' out o' the corner o' my eye, w'at should I see but a shiny silver gray fox!

"'Goshi'lmighty!' thinks I, an' I thunk it so hard it's a wonder the b'ar an' the rabbits an' the pheasants an' the fox didn't all hear it. 'Goshi'lmighty! This future's gointer be wuth while!'

"The b'ar fed nigher an' nigher. I know'd what the fox were arter. He had his eye on them white rabbits. The rabbits nipped around till they was right behind me. The fox sneaked around nigher to 'em. The pheasants kep' peckin' away an' wallerin' right in front o' me. Pooty soon I heard the dogs, an' knowed the buck were comin'.

"'Now,' I says, 'if this here gun is only loaded heavy enough, b'gosh, the future is made!'

"The b'ar got nigher, an' I see the deer creapin' over the ridge.

"Wait till ye see the whites o' their eyes, I says.

"The b'ar riz up on his haunches ex he see the deer comin', an' I see the whites o' his eyes The buck come boundin' along, an' ez I see the whites o' his eyes he were right betwixt me an' the b'ar. I let the ol' gun beller. She were loaded heavy enough, fer she kicked me over back'rds like a log a-fallin', an' I heerd the skeert pheasants whizzin' up ez I went. I throwed up my hands an' clutched at sumpin' ez I went down. I squashed down on sumpin' that were soft and wiggly, an' I stayed there. I were sort o' ob fuskicated fer a minute, but ez soon ez I come to, b'gosh, I know'd the future had come an' hadn't got by me. I had a pheasant by the neck in each hand. I had set down onter the two white rabbits jist ex the silver gray fox had made a jump fer 'em, an' the fox were ketched under me too. Jist then the dogs come up, an' I riz up, piled my pheasants an' my rabbits an' my silver gray fox in a heap, an' went to see w'at else the future had brung me. The ol' buck were stretched out deader'n a log, an' on t'other side of him laid the bear!

"Squire, I dunno wuther Baisly Cronk got them two deer at one shot or wuther he didn't, an' I don't keer!" concluded the Old Settler. "But if he had his gun loaded heavy, an' had patience enough, an' waited till he see the whites o' their eyes, I say that accordin' to all the perceedents that I know anythin' about, he orter got more than three deer, b'goshi'lmighty!"—*Ed. Mott, in N. Y. Sun.*

There Must be Something in It.

Her Suit.

Papa—Well, what sort of a fellow is he, Pen—is he rich?

Penelope—No; but he's awfully handsome when he's shaved.

In a Chop-House.

Mr. I. N. Genuous—I wonder what kind of crabs devilled crabs are?

Miss R. E. Ligious—I don't know I'm sure; but it must be dreadfully wicked to eat them.

Reckless Expenditure.

Kickshaw—Miss Fosdick is the most extravagant girl I know.

Dimmick—Nonsense!

Kickshaw—Well, I heard her offer Goslin a penny for his thoughts.

Clear Enough.

Oliver—Men are more valuable than women.

Olivet—What nonsense!

Oliver—It's a fact. Every man has his price, but brides are given away.

Change in Time for New York via Erie Railway.

You can leave Union Station, Toronto, at 12 50 p.m., arrive in Buffalo at 5 55 p.m. and leave Buffalo at 7.30 p.m., arriving in New York at 7.30 next morning, which makes this train two hours faster than ever before. You can also leave Toronto at 11 p.m., connecting with the Erie River at Hamilton, which is a solid vestibule train through to New York.

A Chicago Dialogue.

Mrs. Penna—So their marriage was secret?

Mrs. Porus—Yes, yes!

Mrs. Penna—How was it discovered?

Mrs. Porous—The divorce proceedings were by publication.

New Facts About the Dakotas

is the title of the latest illustrated pamphlet issued by the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway regarding those growing states, whose wonderful crops the past season have attracted the attention of the whole country. It is full of facts of special interest for all not satisfied with their present location. Send to A. J. Taylor, Canadian Passenger Agent, 4 Palmer House Block, Toronto, Ont., for a copy free of expense.

Near Enough.

Lawyer Foggs—Madam, I am compelled to ask your age.

Miss Sears—I don't remember, exactly.

Lawyer Foggs—Suppose you give it to us in round numbers.

Excursion to City of Mexico.

On Nov. 19 to 26 inclusive, the Wabash Railway will sell tickets to the City of Mexico at lowest first-class fare for the round trip. Tickets good going via Detroit and St. Louis and returning via Chicago, or *vice versa*, valid up to Dec. 31. This will be the grandest opportunity ever given to see this ancient land of the Aztecs. Words fail in describing the majestic and beautiful scenery on this trip, admitted to be without equal on the American continent and not surpassed in the world. Full particulars at the Wabash new office, northeast corner of King and Yonge streets, Toronto.

Safe.

Asberry—Is dis here de safe deposit comp'ny?

Clerk—Yes, sir.

Asberry—Well, will you keep dese two pulets yer out well Thanksgibbin' fo' me?

Horsford's Acid Phosphate

IMPARTS RENEWED STRENGTH

and vigor where there has been exhaustion.

The Nature of an Oath.

Judge—Did you say that you wouldn't believe him under oath?

Witness—Oh, no! I've noticed that when he swears hard he usually means what he says.

Sick headache? BEECHAM'S PILLS.

The Correct Name.

Old Lady—Oh, dear! oh, dear!

Young Woman—What's the matter, auntie?

Old Lady—Oh, there's lots of trouble ahead. I've been down town to the astrologer and he cast my horror-scope.

Robert W. Latham, Lapanza, Cal., U. S. A., says: "I consider Diamond Vera Cura the best medicine ever invented for indigestion. It puts the digestive organs in order, heals the stomach, regulates the bowels, strengthens the nervous system." At druggists or sent on receipt of price, 25 cents. Address E. A. Wilson, Toronto.

A Definition.

Little Willy—What's a sinecure, papa?

His Father—A sinecure, my son, is a position that someone else puts you in to, and for which you draw the salary while a third man does the work.

A Member of the Ontario Board of Health Says:

"I have prescribed Scott's Emulsion in consumption, and even when the digestive powers were weak it has been followed by good results." H. P. Yeomans, A. B., M.D.

Wanted, Fresh Air

In a very crowded meeting, where the audience could not breathe freely, a man exclaimed: "I want to put a question to Mr. Binks" (the candidate).

"Well, sir," replied he; "I am here to answer all questions."

"Then, what did Mr. Gladstone say in 1862?"

"That is an absurd question; he has said so many things."

"Never mind; what did he say in 1862?"

Here there was great disapprobation and tumultuous cries of "Turn him out!"

"I again repeat," exclaimed the irrepressible one, "what did Mr. Gladstone——"

Here he was seized and with difficulty shoved from one to the other out of the hall. A friend accompanied him and loaded him with reproaches. "Why did you make such a fool of yourself by repeating that idiotic question?"

"Because I wanted a little fresh air, and did not know how else to get out of the place."

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CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick heads

ACHE

is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail.

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Dunn's Mustard

IN A DAY.

LAWRENCE, KANS., U. S. A., Aug. 9, 1888.

George Patterson fell from a second-story window, striking a fence. I found him using

ST. JACOBS OIL.

He used it freely all over his bruises. I saw him next morning at work. All the blue spots rapidly disappeared, leaving neither pain, scar nor swelling. C. K. NEUMANN, M.D.

"ALL RIGHT! ST. JACOBS OIL DID IT."

Music.

THE Marriage Dramas next week at the Grand in aid of the Homœopathic Hospital will be the society event of the week. I am told that there will be some good singing and dancing, and lots of pretty girls.

•

Mr. Frank Deane, a young English pianist, will give a recital at the Y. M. C. A. lecture room on Thursday evening next, when he will be assisted by Miss Constance Boulton.

•

Mr. E. W. Schuch lately received an advance copy from the composer of the musical setting, by Dr. J. F. Bridge, of Lord Tennyson's last poem, Crossing the Bar. It has been sung several times by the Cathedral choir, and will be in the programme of the Toronto Vocal Society at its first concert.

•

We have received from Messrs. I. Suckling & Sons, music publishers, some new issues for review, among which is a very beautiful Ave Maria, by Pietro Mascagni, on the melody of his celebrated Intermezzo from the opera Cavaleria Rusticana. It is written in keys to suit all voices, and is a work that will have wide-spread popularity. Miss Emma Juch sang it recently in Toronto with great success. A new waltz, called Beauty's Daughters, by Caroline Lowthian, author of the celebrated Venetia and Myosotis valses, is beautifully illustrated. Pearl of the West, a military schottische, by J. B. Spurr, is very pretty, simple and effective for piano. A Barn Dance, by Paul Dupret, is very much after the style of the celebrated Skirt Dance, which has had such great popularity. A Polacca Brilliant, by Jules Eckhardt, for piano solo, is bright, pleasing and a very showy piece. The publications are very tastefully issued in the best class of engraving, printing and paper. We recommend them all to our readers.

Our Christmas Number.

WHAT THE PAPERS SAY OF IT.

The Christmas Number of SATURDAY NIGHT, just issued, is by all odds the best number ever sent out by the Sheppard Publishing Company. The contents include profusely illustrated stories by such well known authors as John Habberton, Octave Thanet, George Parsons Lathrop, Edmund E. Sheppard and Julian Hawthorne. There are poems by The Khan and Pauline Johnson, and a number of fine illustrations distributed throughout the book by artists who are the best illustrators in America and England. The olegraph accompanying the book, entitled Her Bright Smile Haunts Me Still, is a portrait of a noted beauty of Vienna, the original plates of which are owned by Mr. Sheppard.—*The World, Dec. 3.*

From its artistic cover right through to its last advertisement, the Christmas Number of SATURDAY NIGHT is thoroughly enjoyable. Its illustrations are not merely to be glanced at and thrown aside; they are things of beauty which command careful study and exact appreciation from all who see them.

Among the stories are Tom's Little Sister, by the author of Helen's Babies; The Nephew of His Uncle, by Octave Thanet; The Rich Relation, by G. P. Lathrop; Senor the Engineer, by E. E. Sheppard and Kate Gordon; Christmas Miracle by Julian Hawthorne. Poems there are by E. Pauline Johnson and the Khan.

Perhaps the most refreshing feature about the Number is that it does not glitter with snow and ice after the fashion of most Christmas numbers and the invariable robin redbreast is conspicuous by his absence. A handsome picture, Her Bright Smile Haunts Me Still, is given with each copy.—*The News, Dec. 3.*

The Christmas issue of SATURDAY NIGHT is now out, and will be greeted with great pleasure by the numerous friends that that excellent publication possesses in Ontario. The pictures are excellent, whether we look at the full page illustrations or the numerous dainty little head-pieces and tail-pieces.

The letterpress is distinctive and unusual among Canadian periodicals. The contributors are both American and Canadian men of letters, with whose names we are already familiar. Miss E. Pauline Johnson contributes The Avenger, a poem surcharged with the peculiar intensity and nervous vigor that she can so well express. Mr. E. E. Sheppard's Senor, the Engineer, is a pathetic tale of Mexican life, and Mr. R. K. Kernigan, better known as "The Khan," has a poem, A Convert to Theosophy, exhibiting the peculiar combination of homely imagery and really dainty imagination that marks so much of his work.

Tom's Little Sister is a short story by John Habberton, author of those studies of child life which the author began in Helen's Babies, and which have made him famous. To tell the truth, this particular story strikes one as a repetition of the theme already so successfully struck in that book, in which an innocent child brings two lovers together. Octave Thanet writes The Nephew of His Uncle, another of her sketches of that Southwestern life and character, which is so pre-eminently her own. George Parsons Lathrop contributes The Rich Relation, a pleasant Christmas tale; Julian Hawthorne has Kate Gordon's Christmas Miracle, a story involving one of those mysterious apparitions in which theosophists and spiritualists delight. Ida Burwash has a pretty story, Little Lady, in which the little heroine rather unnecessarily dies.

The whole Number lacks the snow and ice setting to which we have grown accustomed in Christmas numbers. Perhaps this is a good thing; it certainly is a species of novelty. The editors deserve great credit for their enterprise in producing so well written and so literary an issue.—*The Evening Star, Dec. 3.*

•

Her Bright Smile Haunts Me Still is the inscription at the bottom of the plate which accompanies the Christmas Number of SATURDAY NIGHT. And it is the smile of a maiden well calculated to haunt many men during their natural life. Fortunately the maiden is but a fiction, a glorious sham, and will never cause regrets or sighs, but rather, being a thing of beauty, will be a joy forever. It is doubtful if any picture presented to the public by periodical or journal as a Christmas offering in Europe or America can equal this really lovely work of art. Mr. E. E. Sheppard visited all parts of the United States, Germany, France, Italy and England in search of something ideally beautiful, and he found it. The picture presents the bust of a lady dressed seemingly for an evening at the opera, or for a ball. The attitude is pensive, but the face is marvelously pretty, the contour being artistically perfect, the wealth of soft brown hair natural, the coloring warm, yet soft, and true to nature and to art, the light and shadow most excellently displayed and the draping of the fringe of dress shown and the wraps exact. The picture is printed on soft tinted artist's paper. Thus the whole is in unison and is so daintily elegant as to mark an epoch in the progress of the artistic, not only in Canadian, but in the world's journalism.

If the plate is superb, the Number of SATURDAY NIGHT itself that accompanies it is equally choice and rare. A rich, but delicately colored cover of cream paper, on the front of which are two courtly couples of the time when George III. was king, gracefully dancing the stately minuet, encloses a wealth of contents, to which such famous writers have contributed as John Habberton, author of that sweetly charming book Helen's Babies; Octave Thanet, the famous French writer; George Parsons Lathrop, an equally celebrated American; E. Pauline Johnson, Canada's own talented and graceful litterateur, in poetry and in prose; Mr. Sheppard himself; The Khan, Julian Hawthorne, who are both too well known to need special introduction, and Miss Ida Burwash, whose prettily told story of My Lady will furnish entertainment in many a household. There are lovely illustrations on all but one of the 32 pages, each a gem in itself, including an airy, fairy frontispiece that a few years ago would have been regarded as worthy of a place as a separate and distinct work of art. Mr. Sheppard has admirably and plainly succeeded in proving to Canadians that they need no longer go abroad for excellence in Christmas publications. SATURDAY NIGHT rivals, if indeed it does not excel, them all. The Number under notice is a veritable *edition de luxe.—Empire, Dec. 3.*

SATURDAY NIGHT'S "Christmas," the holiday number issued by the Sheppard Publishing house of this city, is as well conceived and finely carried out a number as has ever been sent out by Canadian publishers. In some respects, indeed, it shows a decided advance upon anything hitherto attempted by our local journals. The best effort of some of the best writers, lithographic artists and illustrators of the continent have been put forth in its production. What first strikes the eye is the dainty cover, with its quartette of dancers in eighteenth century costume, and the colored plate representing one of Eve's fair daughters, and entitled Her Bright Smile Haunts Me Still. A further glance at the Number strengthens the first favorable impression. It is printed upon fine paper, and in excellent taste typographically. The illustrations are *apropos* to the subject of the various sketches. If the story is of the West Indies, we have the palms, cane thatched huts and luxuriant vegetation of that region: if of Mexico, the pages are embellished with photogravures evidently taken during a ramble through the land of the Aztecs, of peons and senoritas. Several full-page illustrations are given, and one of mother and babe, with the couplet,

"Cheek or chin, knuckle or knee,
Where shall the baby's dimple be?"

will certainly be found for many a day on the walls of hundreds of Canadian homes. The writers who have contributed are all well known by reputation, and it is sufficient to say that their work is of not less than the usual merit. John Habberton, author of Helen's Babies, contributes a sketch, Tom's Little Sister, which tells of the influence on a love affair of an observing little tot that asks queer questions and sees all that is going on. Octave Thanet, whose name is more deeply impressed on the magazine-reading part of the people with every succeeding issue, contributes a story of Southern life, in which there is the full flavor of the South-Western States. In The Rich Relation George Parsons Lathrop tells a tale of how money often banishes good feeling, that comes in at the front door again when the riches take to themselves their traditional wings. Senor, the Engineer, a Mexican story by E. E. Sheppard, is perhaps the most dramatic and powerful in the series. It gives, as none of the others give, the atmosphere of the country and pen-pictures of the people. Little Lady, by Ida Burwash, is another story that does no discredit to the Canadian writer, whose work is placed side by side with that of such past masters in the art of writing child sketches as John Habberton. Julian Hawthorne contributes a short tale, Kate Gordon's Christmas Miracle, into which Montreal is dragged by the ears to give a Canadian aspect to the story, which is really one with a West Indian setting. That is a minor fault, however, and is to be forgiven because of the merits of the tale. There are two poems, The Avenger, by Miss Pauline Johnson, and A Convert to Theosophy, by the Khan. Each is in the writer's best vein, and rings true.—*The Globe, Dec. 3.*

Life—A Fragment.

For Saturday Night.

Not a moment but a soul
Comes thro' the door of birth!
Not a moment but a soul
Goes thro' the door of death!
Onward ever wending,
Borne by an unfelt breath,
The great procession passes
Thro' a chamber man call earth.
In they come at this door—
Hurriedly pass thro'—
Scarce have time to glance around
The room, and learn to love
Its faces, flowers, music,
Lights around, above—
Ere the farther door is reached,
And they pass from view.

OPEN SOUND, ONT. JAS. A. TUCKER.

Kicked the Emperor's Horse.

Prince Bismarck told a story of the battlefield of Koniggratz. The old emperor—then the king of Prussia—had exposed himself and his staff to the enemy's fire and would not hear of retreating to a safe distance. At last Prince Bismarck rode up to him, saying:

"As responsible minister I must insist on your majesty's retreat to a safe distance. If your majesty were to be killed the victory would be of no use to us."

The king saw the force of this and slowly retreated, but in his zeal returned again and again to the front.

"When I noticed it," Prince Bismarck went on, "I only rose in my saddle and looked at him. He understood perfectly, and called out angrily, 'Yes, I am coming!' But we did not get on fast enough, and at last I rode up to the king, took my foot out of the right stirrup and secretly gave his horse an energetic kick. Such a thing had never before happened to the fat mare, but the move was successful, for she set off in a fine canter."—*Ex*

Found the Nickel.

I was the only passenger on the car. Midway of a block another came in. His hat was crushed and his clothing daubed with mud. For a long time he sat in gloomy meditation. Then he hitched up toward me and said:

"I guess I'm the dodrottedest fool runnin' loose in this town at the present time."

"So!" I said.

"Yes, sir. I ain't got sense enough to be let go without a guardeen. See that car up ahead there?"

I did. It was a half dozen blocks away.

"Waal, sir, I run like sixty for mor'n a block to ketch that car."

"Couldn't catch it, eh?"

"Yes, I could. That's the trouble. I did ketch it, an' I gin the conductor a dime on the hind platform, an' he gin me a nickel change. Then somehow I up and dropped the nickel overboard. I hollered to the conductor to stop the car, but he wouldn't do it, so I up and jumps off backwards. Look at my clo's. When I got up that car was out of reach, so I had to wait for this one."

"Did you find your nickel?"

"Oh, yes, found that right enough. Lost my car, sp'lit my clothes and skint my back jest for the gratifyin' privilege of pickin' up that nickel an' givin' it to this conductor. I used to think Bill Thompson was the dingedest fool a-goin', but I guess I'm clost on to him."

"What did Bill do?"

"Wy don't you know? Bill's dog got his head stuck in a pitcher, an' Bill cut off the head to save the pitcher an' then broke the pitcher to get the head out."—*Ex.*

Politeness.

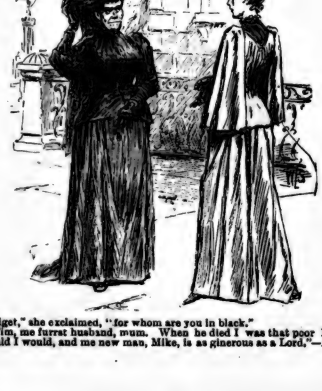
If strict ideas ever come,
That Boston lady had 'em.
She never said "chrysanthemum,"
She said "chrysanthe-madam."

Bless the Baby.

Cholly—My birthday to-day, old chappie.
Chappie—How old?
Cholly—Getting so old, dear boy, I'm]weally ashamed to tell.
Chappie—I won't wepeat it.
Cholly—Eighteen.
Chappie—Gwacious!

Good Advice.

"When a young man is writing a love-letter," says a defendant in a late breach-of-promise-of-marriage case, "he should keep continually before his mind how it would look in print."



"Why, Bridget," she exclaimed, "for whom are you in black."

"For poor Tim, me furrst husband, mum. When he died I was that poor I couldn't,but I said if iver I could I would, and me new man, Mike, is as grineous as a Lord."—*Life.*

It is a Way Women Have.

"Miss Budlong is traveling under an assumed name."

"What on earth is she doing that for?"

"She's been married and has assumed her husband's name. They are away on their honeymoon."

Conditionally.

The Shopper (examining 4½ cent cotton print)—Will the colors run?

Salesman (with prompt assurance)—Not unless they're wet, lady; how many yards?

Shopper (evidently relieved)—Give me eight yards.

To be Precise.

He—You seem to look upon a proposal of marriage as an everyday affair.

She—Well, no. Hardly that. Every other day. I never give my answer the same day.

Didn't Need Stretching.

"I think I'll get out and stretch my legs a little," said a tall man, as the train stopped at a station.

"Oh, don't," said a passenger who had been much embarrassed by the legs of his tall companion; "don't do that. They are too long already."

"You are altogether too fresh," said the potato to the egg, "and I have my eyes on you."

"Now look here, Irish," said the egg, "I daresay you have a good heart, but remember that when we come to scramble for a living you're not in it with me."

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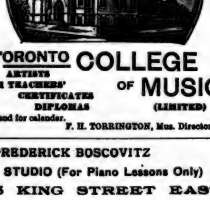

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Social and Personal.

Continued from Page Four.

Misses Parkyn, M. Murray, Minnie Fuller, Falconbridge, Donna Lamont, Millie Lamont, Mair, Alice Moreson, Hope, Chadwick, Louie Cadwick, Dr. H. A. Parkyn, Messrs. Arthur Sweatman, B. G. Winanns, H. R. O'Reilly, Walter Moreson, P. E. Ritchie, H. A. Richardson, G. J. Smith, Jack Thompson, Graeme Adams, C. M. Wallbridge. In the Japanese wedding—Miss May Hughes (bride), Mr. F. N. Bandelari (groom), Miss Emma Brown (dancer), Misses Nellie Parsons, Tenie Hughes, Zoe Short, Kate Turner, Violet Graham (butterflies); Misses Julia Strickland, Ella Scott, Katie Crawford, Mary Minty, Birdie Chewett, Beatrice Chewett, Edith Cassels, Hattie Cassels (Japs.); Messrs. G. P. Semple, S. Wharin, A. F. R. Sowdon, Chas. Sowdon, E. Forsaythe, Frank Pernard (musicians). In the Gretna Green, or Elopement—Miss J. W. Shanly (bride), Mr. Arthur Sweatman (bridegroom), Mr. D. W. Saunders (blacksmith), Miss E. A. Shanly (milkmaid), Mr. K. H. Cameron (irate father), Miss Shanly (mother), Mr. E. R. Ricketts (postboy).

The lady patronesses are: Mrs. George Arthurs, Mrs. John Bain, Mrs. Bertram, Mrs. J. Beatty, Mrs. S. G. Beatty, Mrs. Bendelari, Mrs. Bilton, Mrs. S. J. Boddy, Mrs. Geo. Booth, Mrs. S. B. Brush, Mrs. Bonnell, Mrs. Melford Boulton, Mrs. Geo. Bostwick, Mrs. Alexander Cameron, Mrs. A. H. Campbell, Mrs. E. T. Carter, Mrs. John Catto, Mrs. Geo. Chillas, Mrs. William Christie, Mrs. G. R. R. Cockburn, Mrs. A. Morgan Cosby, Mrs. L. Cosgrave, Mrs. E. Cox, Mrs. F. Cox, Mrs. Wm. C. Crowther, Mrs. Wm. A. Cromwell, Misses Carty, Cumberland, Mrs. Darbey, Mrs. Geo. Dickson, Mrs. W. J. Douglas, Mrs. Henry Duggan, Mrs. H. P. Dwight, Mrs. J. F. Eby, Mrs. T. C. Elwood, Mrs. W. G. Falconbridge, Mrs. E. Farrer, Mrs. Thomas Ferguson, Mrs. Edward Fisher, Mrs. Fleming, Mrs. Wm. Galbraith, Mrs. W. A. Geddes, Mrs. R. C. Hamilton, Mrs. W. B. Hamilton, Mrs. Thomas Hodgins, Mrs. Holland, Mrs. A. McLean Howard, Miss Hall of Guelph, Mrs. Mark H. Irish, Mrs. J. D. Ivey, Mrs. E. F. B. Johnston, Mrs. Kenny, Mrs. J. D. King, Mrs. J. Fraser McDonald, Mrs. Randolph McDonald, Mrs. S. F. McKinnon, Mrs. J. H. McKinnon, Mrs. J. E. McDougall, Mrs. Wm. McMaster, Mrs. J. Herbert Mason, Mrs. H. S. Mara, Mrs. W. Mathews, Mrs. W. F. Mitchell, Mrs. Charles Moss, Mrs. Thos. Moss, Mrs. W. Moore, Mrs. J. A. Murray, Mrs. H. S. Northrop, Mrs. R. S. Neville, Mrs. Nixon, Mrs. Henry Pellatt, Mrs. W. H. Pratt, Mrs. Homer Pingle, Mrs. Charles Riordan, Mrs. Ridout, Miss Patton, Mrs. J. F. Scales, Mrs. R. J. Score, Mrs. Shanly, Mrs. Snelling, Mrs. Alfred Smith, Mrs. Andrew Smith, Mrs. G. B. Smith, Mrs. Smellie, Mrs. Robert Sullivan, Mrs. E. M. Smart, Mrs. Sweeney, Mrs. W. J. Suckling, Mrs. R. J. Tackaberry, Mrs. C. W. Taylor, Mrs. W. J. Thomas, Mrs. Horace Thorne, Mrs. Warren Toby, Mrs. R. G. Trotter, Mrs. Townsend, Mrs. W. A. Warren, Mrs. R. S. Williams, Mrs. R. Wilkes, Mrs. S. Frank Wilson, Mrs. John Worthington, Mrs. W. E. Wellington, Miss Whatmough, Mrs. G. W. Yarker.

The members of the Varsity Banjo and Guitar Club are: 1st banjo, Messrs. George F. Smedley, J. S. Doble, J. W. Gilmour, D. R. Dobie, L. Aubrey Moore; 2nd banjo, W. P. Eby, H. H. Lowe, W. H. Pease, F. W. Langley, F. Maconnell, D. Marr; guitars, Gilbert Royce, A. F. Rolls, J. D. Roxburgh, W. S. Carroll; President, W. R. P. Parker; Secretary and Treasurer, L. Aubrey Moore; Instructor, George F. Smedley.

Over two hundred people are required for the presentation of the tableaux. The Varsity Banjo and Guitar Club will play between the parts. The Greek chorus, with Miss Bowes of the Toronto School of Elocution as leader, will perform the part of interpreters for the various tableaux.

Mr. and Mrs. T. J. MacIntyre have left Cecil street and taken up their residence at 45 Gloucester street.

Mrs. Brouse of St. George street gave a small young people's tea on Friday of last week.

Mrs. Melford Boulton welcomed a number of young people to tea on Thursday of last week.

Mrs. Reginald Northcote gave a lovely progressive euchre party last Tuesday at her home, 304 Huron street. Ten tables were occupied and a very interesting game was enjoyed. Among those present were: The Misses Howland, Maule, Scott, Hoskins, Page, Hirschfelder, Wyatt, Temple, and Messrs. Hirschfelder, Hoskins, Ernest Thompson, and others.

Mrs. Wm. Creelman of St. Vincent street gave a charming tea this week. Among her guests I noticed: Mrs. Walter S. Lee, Mrs. Alf. Cameron, Mrs. Moffatt, Mrs. Wishart, Mrs. Brodie, Mrs. Marsh, Mrs. Hume Brown, Miss Jennings, Mrs. McCausland, Mrs. McArthur and Mrs. Roaf.

Miss Bond of Guelph, a recent student at Moulton College, and one of the prettiest *debutantes* of the season, is visiting Dr. and Mrs. McFarlane of Gerrard street.

Miss Alice Howland has a tea this afternoon.

The Misses Thompson gave a lovely tea this week.

An exhibition and sale of fancy work will be held next Tuesday and Wednesday in the Y. W. C. Guild rooms on McGill street. Among the beautiful pieces of work is a sofa cushion or ottoman cover by Miss Harriet Bruenech, representing a circle of twelve Breton peasants in their national costume surrounding the arms of Brittany. This is a very interesting study as well as a beautiful piece of needlework.

The Misses Mason gave a small tea on Thursday afternoon.

Mrs. Hammond gave a very pretty tea on Monday, which was very largely attended.

Miss Stevenson of Sherbourne street had a charming tea last Tuesday afternoon. I remarked as a pleasant feature that the fair hostess had secured the same number of gentlemen as of ladies, to grace the occasion.

Miss McMicking of St. George street gave a delightful tea on Thursday afternoon.

Mrs. Hugh McDonald has a tea this afternoon.

Miss Veals gives a tea this afternoon.

The Toronto Children's Aid Society will receive Christmas contributions of toys, dolls, etc., for the Children's Treat at No. 49 King street west. The distribution will take place on Friday, December 23.

The Toronto Conservatory of Music have invitations out for their first quarterly concert this evening.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Wood of 571 Church street have removed to Spadina avenue.

Mrs. Harry Piper of 41 Grenville street will be At Home to her friends December 13.

Mrs. Graham McPherson gave a pretty lunch on Wednesday at her home, 252 Adelaide street west. Among the guests were: Miss Darby, Miss Henderson, Miss Dyas, and Mrs. Denison. There is not a daintier little hostess in Toronto than Mrs. McPherson, nor a sweeter little lady than her small daughter, Miss Edith.

The dance at the College of Music, which took place on Thursday evening, was a very enjoyable affair, of which I will give particulars next week.

Mrs. Shaw, of 496 Ontario street, gave a small evening last Monday for her guest, Miss Fennell. Among her guests were: Mr. and Mrs. Richardson, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Denison, Mrs. and Miss Darby, Mr. Proctor, Mr. Ernest Thompson, Miss Turner and Mr. George Bruenech.

Mr. D. O. Roblin of Belleville was in town this week.

Mr. T. D. Shipman, G. T. R. agent of Quebec, was in the city recently.

Mrs. Bagg of 39 Brunswick avenue gave a pleasant evening last Friday to a number of friends.

A very large and very lovely dance was that given by Mrs. Wm. Mulock last Wednesday evening. The whole of the spacious parlors were thrown open for dancing, the orchestra being stationed in the hall. An immense crowd of pretty *debutantes* and radiant women transformed the house into a veritable flower garden. Among the many I remarked: Miss Mulock, in a dainty French gown of lustrous white silk, her *robe de debut;* Mrs. Mulock wore rich gray brocade and a lovely tiara of diamonds; Mrs. Kirkpatrick wore a dark velvet gown *en train*, with pale velvet sleeves and draping of black lace; Miss Kirkpatrick wore a dainty blue dress; Mrs. Cawthra wore a lovely gray brocade; Mrs. Harry Brock, pure white satin; Miss Drayton, white silk and green velvet; Mrs. James Crowther, white and gold brocade; Mrs. McFarlane, a lovely changeable silk with empire corsage and drapery; Miss Bond was charming in an airy cream *chiffon;* Mrs. Irving Cameron wore black and dark green velvet corselet; Mrs. Charles O'Reilly wore black lace and pale blue velvet; Mrs. Moss, black, with soft dots of chenille embroidery; Miss Riordan, who was by many pronounced the belle, was in white with heliotrope ribbons in her golden hair. Mrs. Bristol looked lovely in cream silk. Mrs. Shepley wore a becoming costume of garnet and pink. Miss Ethel Mulock was in pale blue. Miss Ferguson wore pink, and her sister was in a very pretty white dress. Miss Maule looked well in white with pink sleeves. Miss Bain was in pale blue brocade. Miss Amy Mason wore a white striped gown with rose velvet sleeves. Miss S. Mason was in deep pink. Miss Ross wore pale and dark blue. Many white dresses were worn by the *debutantes.* I remarked one who departed from the rule and wore a very pretty yellow and black frock, which was most becoming. Miss Dora Gooderham wore a pretty white silk dress. Miss May Hughes looked lovely in her shell-pink silk and green velvet. A handsome pair of sisters were in delicate blue gauze with tinsel interwoven. It was altogether a most brilliant and admirably arranged ball and marked delightfully the coming out of the amiable daughter of the mansion. Miss Ethel, her younger sister, gave another charming evening to her young friends last night.

Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. Moffatt of London were in the city recently.

Rev. Prof. Clark delivered a most instructive and interesting lecture last Monday evening on Conduct and Manners, in St. George's school house.

Mr. James Sutherland, M. P., of Woodstock, was in town this week.

Mrs. T. C. Lazier and Miss Stinson of Belleville were in the city recently for a few days.

Col. D. Tisdale of Simcoe was in town last week.

Major Boynton of Port Huron, Mich., was in the city the latter part of last week.

Rev. A. Lloyd of Port Hope was in town recently.

Mrs. L. Coste of Ottawa was in town for a brief visit lately.

Col. and Mrs. Gibson of Lakefield were in the city recently.

The Lord Bishop of Huron preached an eloquent sermon last Sunday morning at the Church of the Ascension.

Under the Great Seal is a story of Newfoundland and Russia.

The Wardrobe of a Well Dressed Man.

A well dressed man does not require so much an extensive as a varied wardrobe. He needs a different costume for every season and every occasion, but if what he has chosen be simple rather than striking he may wear the same clothes as often as he likes as long as they are fresh and appropriate to the season and the object. There are four kinds of coats which he must have. A morning coat, a frock coat, a dress coat and an overcoat. He may have as many of each of these as he may think fit or his pocket book may permit. The present style of overcoat for fall and winter wear is worn very much longer than what has been worn for the past few seasons, made single or double breasted, the latter having the preference; the style of goods, beavers, meltons and fine kersseys, of which I have a large assortment. Henry A. Taylor, No. 1 Rossin House Block.

The Iron Nancy Hanks.

The Empire State Express in the Nancy Hanks of the rails. On Thursday she left Rochester for Buffalo and for ten miles kept up a speed of ninety-five miles an hour. This was done under unfavorable conditions, the road having at that part, the heaviest grade on the whole Central system. The entire distance from Rochester to Buffalo, sixty-nine miles, was made in seventy-one minutes.—*Troy Budget.*

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EXECUTOR'S NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Notice is hereby given, pursuant to the Revised Statutes of Ontario, 1887, Chapter 110, Section 36, that all creditors and others having claims against the estate of Sarah Brown, late of the City of Toronto in the County of York, widow, deceased, who died on or about the 30th day of July, A.D. 1892, at the said City of Toronto, are hereby required to send by post prepaid or otherwise deliver to John Munn, of 360 Delaware Avenue, Toronto, executor of the last will and testament of the said Sarah Brown, on or before the 17TH DAY OF JANUARY, 1893, their Christian and Surnames, addresses with full descriptions of them, and the nature of their claims and statements of their accounts and nature of securities (if any) held by them.

And notice is further given that after the said 17th day of January, 1893, the said executor will proceed to distribute the assets of the said deceased amongst the persons entitled thereto, having regard only to the claims of which he then has notice, and that the said executor will not be liable for the said assets or any part thereof so distributed to any person of whose claim notice shall not have been received at the time of such distribution.

D. L. SINCLAIR, 46 King St. West, Toronto, Solicitor for Executor.

Dated at Toronto this 15th day of November, A.D., 1892.

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CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S

WILL ISSUE TO

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Trinity Talk.

THAT terrible bird of prey—"Exams." — still hovers about Trinity, circling it slowly, each time dropping a little nearer, each time preparing for the final fell swoop, which, alas, in times gone by has plucked many a promising one from the flock, and may, for aught we know, pluck many another, and this, too, even in the appallingly near future. The corridors are silent, '95 is thoughtful, '94 pensive, and as for the Freshman, poor little man, he hasn't slept a wink for the last two weeks. Now, "Mr. Chancellor, my lords and gentlemen," what is the cause of this lamentable state of affairs? The custom—the pernicious custom, I may say, Mr. Chancellor, my lords and gentlemen—of holding exams. But for these our hearts would again be blithe and gay, as of yore. Once more would our sweet voices be heard at midnight's solemn hour in the glad refrain of Merrily, merrily, and once again would echo as ever Pulled up for a fiver in the Morning. *Mais ils ont changes tout cela, pro tem.* only I may add.

•

Athletics are now at "half time," so to speak, barring an occasional sprint over the steeplechase course or something of the sort. Messrs. Hedley, McCarthy, Robertson and McMurrich represented the hockey men at the various meetings and accordingly two teams, a senior and a junior, have been entered. The interyear schedule will be arranged immediately after Xmas and the matches will continue throughout the season. As there seems to be no lack of material and as class feeling at present runs high, this event promises to be a fast one. The benefit resulting from these class matches is hardly to be estimated. Especially was it noticeable in the football series. Old team men played with a dash and go that was rarely if ever shown at ordinary practices; new men developed at an astonishing rate, and the general team play and combination work of some of the years astonished more than one onlooker. Had these class games been instituted early in the season results might have been different for football at Trinity.

•

On Friday evening, December 2, was held the public debate. By eight o'clock Convocation Hall was filled. A great many ladies graciously lent their presence, and altogether the grim old hall, with its wainscoting, lofty roof, chancellor's throne, and frowning portraits, was really bright and winsome. The gallery, as usual, was reserved for the undergraduates. The Rev., The Dean, acted as chairman, and upon taking his chair was greeted with the college cheer, and the chorus For he's a Jolly Good Fellow from the gallery. The evening opened with readings by Messrs. Heward and Baynes-Reed. These were followed by a capital essay by Mr. Carleton, '95, the subject being The Athenian Youth. Mr. Carleton dealt with his subject admirably, and his bright style and excellent command of English were evidently thoroughly appreciated, judging from the hearty applause which he received on taking his seat. As each gentleman sat down after contributing his part of the programme, choruses from the gallery, given as only undergrads. can give, were in order. After one of the choruses those who turned toward the gallery were startled by a row of feet protruding from the railings. On the sole of each foot a letter had been chalked, and the whole read, St. Hilda's. Later on various other mottoes suitable to the particular moment were shown, ending with Good Night, Ladies. Then came the feature (really that isn't intended as a pun) of the evening, namely, the debate. The subject read: "Resolved, that a system of state socialism is the only means whereby life can be fully realized for the majority of mankind." For the affirmative were: Messrs. Robinson and Mockridge, and for the negative, Messrs. Troop and Powell. The subject was most ably dealt with, from the standpoints of the philosopher, the political economist and the Christian socialist. The arguments were good and the speeches showed careful preparation. In fact, so much a case was it of "Greek meeting Greek" that on the votes of the house being taken, the negative were declared the winners by the very small majority of two. The meeting then adjourned.

•

Much regret has been expressed at the close of the series of lectures given by Rev. Prof. Clark on Lord Tennyson.

•

On Wednesday, December 7, lectures in Arts and Divinity end, and on the 13th the Christmas exams. commence, lasting until the 20th, when Michaelmas term ends, and the men go down for the Christmas vacation, which lasts until January 10. RED AND BLACK.

'Varsity Chat.

THE extra attention given to the young ladies last week left no time or space for reference to numerous topics. It is, however, gratifying to know that the article has attracted much favorable comment, and the fair undergraduates will now, in the imagination of the public, occupy a strong position.

•

The Knox At Home has been postponed until next session.

•

Captain W. W. Bunting, '92, was present at the Yale-Princeton match in New York on the Americans' Thanksgiving Day.

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At the first public meeting of the Students' Missionary Society of Knox College for this session, Mr. Hamilton Cassels presided and an interesting and instructive programme was presented. Mr. W. R. McIntosh read an essay on The Rational Basis of Missions, Mr. J. H. Courtenay a paper on Field Notes of the West, and Rev. C. W. Gordon, B. A., gave an address on Mission Work on the Great Divide. Messrs. Grant, McKay, Scott, Martin, the college quartette and the Glee Club (all the boys) furnished stirring music.

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With loud acclaim every point and everything else was received at the public debate. President A. T. De Lury's address, Mr. K. D. MacMillan's reading and Mr. J. H. Brown's essay would have been well worthy of a hearing, but the "seething, surging" crowd at the back chose rather to make "hits," and so the sound of the readings of those mentioned had to be passed into the great void unheard by human ears. Vague and possibly meaningless was the subject for debate. But in this was its chief merit. Opportunity was given for talk without the support or fear of logic. "That merit receives more adequate recognition today than ever before" was the theme. Messrs. W. P. Bull and J. D. Phillips maintained the affirmative, while Messrs. F. H. R. Hellems and S. J. McLean where those for the negative. Prof. R. Ramsay Wright, M.A., B.S.A., chairman for the evening, gave the decision for the affirmative, and the next day the "gods" enquired of their fellows, "How was it decided, anyway?" Mrs. Ramsay Wright presented the prizes won at the annual athletic sports and the cross-country run. The censors in the hall were: Messrs. R. M. F. Davies, D. R. Dobie, G. P. Wilson, H. Sissons, W. L. Silverthorne, A. A. Shore, J. M. E. Fairbairn and W. Blatchford. The Glee Club, an old established institution, was, as usual, much appreciated by everybody, but the surprise of the evening was the excellent playing of the Banjo and Guitar Club, which at that time had had but a few practices.

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I hope no person presumes that the writer of this chat is not in favor of the movement on foot to induce those in power to give higher salaries to the lecturers who began on eight hundred dollars a year. They deserve more than they get and they have a good precedent for their request.

•

Mr. Isaac Bowles had much to do in deciding points of order at Vic.'s Literary Association on Saturday evening of last week. In debate it was decided that the Premier of Canada should be a Protestant. Mr. Bell ably argued for "no test acts," but the Protestant feeling was successfully aroused by Mr Lewis.

•

I had pondered for some time as to what good points I should choose in writing a description of the medicals' banquet, and as I was cutting ahead nicely along larger arteries of thought, I learned that an abler pen than mine was to do justice to the occasion.

•

From henceforth none but undergraduates in arts will be allowed to take quarters in residence. Graduates, medical students and others must find lodgings elsewhere. Those who have to go consider the action of the college council in the light of an eviction. The poor freshmen will now have only undergrads. to worship. The sense of awe will not be properly cultivated in them. Gradually residence is being stripped of its powers. In a few years, instead of students occupying the rooms re-construction will take place and mastodons, fossils and exhibits of our mineral wealth will be found there under the direction of Prof. Chapman. For evidence of this, see a certain report which purports to provide accommodation for mineralogy and geology. I think the authorities should have some regard for vested rights and should have allowed those in residence who are in medicine or law to finish their courses before turning them out. Perhaps the Senate will buy the furniture, etc., which the boys have in their rooms.

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Prof. Mavor entertained Dr. Hume, Dr. Baldwin, Mr. G. M. Wrong and Mr. J. M. McEvoy at a dinner on Monday evening. The new professor is a social success.

•

The students are already beginning to enquire of each other when it would be advisable to quit lectures for Christmas festivities. It is of late years a matter which the students practically decide for themselves. When there are no students the lectures must stop, and by the 20th of December there are usually but a few students about the building.

•

There is a project on foot to have a new honor course established in the University. It is proposed that it shall consist of a combination of some of the honor work of each of several of the present honor courses. History will be made an important part of the work; the political science course will supply honor economics, political philosophy, and constitutional history, and constitutional law; the honor philosophy course will supply some history of philosophy, ethical theories and applied ethics; the classical department will be asked to teach honor ancient history, and all this will be backed by a suitable amount of pass work.

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At a meeting of those members of the faculty who propose to do seminary, it was decided to recommend to the authorities the allocation of a room to each of the departments of Teutonic Languages, Romance Languages, Political Science, History, Classics, Philosophy and Orientals; and it was thought best to leave the manner of using the rooms to the discretion of the professor who has charge of the department.

•

An innovation was made by the class of '94 last Saturday evening, when, instead of holding their annual class At Home in the rooms of the Y.M.C.A., the scene of every class social for years past, they hired a commodious and comfortable hall at the corner of Spadina avenue and College street, where the festivities were kept up until the near approach of the blessed Sabbath forced them to break up. The social was in every way one of the most successful, if not the most successful, ever held in the college. At the outset the newly elected president, Mr. J. D. Webster, gave a short and appropriate address, in which he welcomed the visitors and newly arrived men from Victoria. The octette club then held the floor for several minutes, after which, according to a time-honored custom, the orator of the year, Mr. Sydney B. Woods, delivered the annual oration. Music was the next order of the day, and Mr. E. T. Langley gave a piano solo with a most exquisite touch and finish. Mr. W. P. Reeve, the class poet, next took the floor and held it for half an hour, while he treated the audience to what was undoubtedly one of the cleverest satires on university life that has yet appeared at 'Varsity. Mr. Reeve's poem was in the form of a three-act drama entitled The True Story of Josh Hudulum and Amanda Jones. The adventures of the unfortunate Josh at 'Varsity culminate on the election night, when he meets with an accident owing to the too gentle treatment of the moral suasion committee and has to be expressed home as freight. Mr. Reeve is to be congratulated on having produced a brilliant and clever satire. Not less worthy of praise was the prophecy of the class prophet, Mr. Charles A. Moss. Mr. Moss took as his model Addison's famous Vision of Mirza, and his prophecy simply bristled with witty points and happy wits. The judgment delivered by the class judge, Mr. K. D. W. McMillan, was, as all must infer from its author, an exceedingly clever production. Of the other performers space fails me to tell, but all upheld the high character of the class to which they belong. The grub was good. Long live '94! Amen!

ADAM RUFUS.

He had Registered.

Mr. Smith, as an English traveler, arrived one evening at a hotel in Austria. On the way he had picked up a smart German and hired him as his servant. In Austria everyone staying at a hotel is obliged to register his name and occupation in a book kept for police inspection, so Mr. Smith told his servant to bring the book for him to write in.

"I have already registered milord as an English gentleman of independent means," said Fritz.

"But I've never told you my name, so how do you know what it is?"

"I copied it from milord's portmanteau," said Fritz.

"Why, it isn'ton my portmanteau," cried Mr. Smith. "Bring the book and let me see what you have put down."

The book was brought, and Mr. Smith, to his amusement, discovered that his clever servant had described him thus:

"Monsieur Warranted Solid Leather."—*Ex.*

A King's Humor.

William IV. was not without a sense of humor, and could tell an amusing story now and then in a way which showed how fully he relished the joke.

One day, at a dinner given by William IV., at The Cottage, Windsor Park, in 1827, he related with much drollery the following personal anecdote:

I had been riding one day, unattended by a groom, between Teddington and Hampton Wick, when I was overtaken by a butcher boy on horseback, with a basket of meat under his arm.

"Nice pony that pony of yourn, old gentleman," he said.

"Pretty fair," I answered.

"Mine's a good un, too," was his rejoinder; and he added: "I'll wager you a pot of beer, old man, you don't trot to Hampton Wick quicker nor me."

I declined the match, and the butcher's boy, as he struck his single spur into his nag's side, turned back and called out with a contemptuous sneer:

"I knowed you was only a muff.—*Ex.*

More Digestible.

Charley Livewayte—Why do you Bostonians eat baked beans?

Athenia Hubbs—The progress of Evolution. We gave up eating them raw, several links ago.

Not Unqualified Success.

Kirby Stone—How are you getting on with your literary ventures?

Spacer—Well, I'm making just about enough to starve respectably.

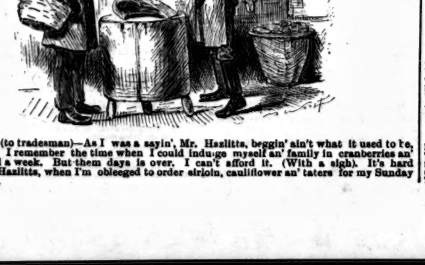
A Poor Investment.

Pat—Fhoy did yiz go and buy that nasty Schwiss chaze for anyhow?

Bridget—Sure, I only got wan pound, to be Ether thrift't.

Pat—Wan pound, is it? Sure, then we have no chaze at all, for there's more than wan pound of holes in it.

Another Industry Gone.



Professor (to tradesman)—As I was a sayin', Mr. Hazlitts, beggin' ain't what it used to be, by no means. I remember the time when I could indulge myself an' family in cranberries an' turkey twiced a week. But them days is over. I can't afford it. (With a sigh). It's hard times, Mister Hazlitts, when I'm oblieged to order sirloin, cauliflower an' taters for my Sunday dinner. *Life.*

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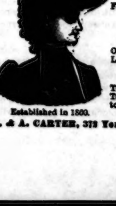

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New Books and Magazines.

"How to Teach Current History in Schools and Organize Current History Clubs," a sixteen page pamphlet, will be sent free to all teachers on application to Current History Publishing Co., Detroit, Mich. This pamphlet deals with an important new phase of educational work, and is rich in suggestions. It is generally conceded that the work of the schoolroom will have its most valuable stimulus when pupils are kept thoroughly alive to the interests of the great world outside, and that the pupils will be better fitted for the important duties of life and citizenship when more is done than is done at present in the class-room to keep them intelligently posted, not alone on the contents of text books, but on the great questions which they hear discussed on the streets, in the papers and at home. In furthering this object, the publishers of *Current History* are doing a public good, the value of which cannot be over-estimated. The December number of their unique quarterly magazine, just issued, is a beautiful specimen of literary, artistic and typographical skill. ($1 50 a year).

Worthington's Illustrated Magazine is the name of a new monthly published by A. D. Worthington & Co., Hartford, Conn. The first number has contributions from Mary A. Livermore, Sir Edwin Arnold and many other distinguished writers. It is a home and ladies' periodical, without taste for politics or anything excessively heavy.

Madame Adelaide Ristori, the famous tragedienne, has written for *The Ladies' Home Journal* two important autobiographical papers, in which she will tell How I Became an Actress and describe The Methods of My Art.

The *Cosmopolitan* for December is a really excellent number, leading off with A Japanese Watering Place, by Sir Edwin Arnold, who is becoming a prolific magazine writer. Bliss Carmen, the Canadian poet, contributes a poem, entitled The Yule Guest, which, with its beautiful illustrations, covers six pages. This should be read by every Canadian who finds pride in the progress of a son of the soil. I shall quote the first four stanzas out of the fifty-four contained in the piece:

And Yanna by the Yule log
Sat in the empty hall,
And watched the goblin firelight
Caper upon the wall.

The goblins of the hearthstone,
Who teach the wind to sing,
Who dance the frozen Yule away
And usher back the Spring.

Yan Goblins of the Northland
Who teach the gulls to scream,
Who dance the Autumn into dust,
The ages into dream.

Like the tall corn was Yanna,
Beading and smooth and fair,
His Yanna of the sea gray eyes,
And harvest yellow hair.

This will suffice to show the beautiful style of the whole piece, which I consider one of Carmen's most fortunate productions, especially when graced with the best skill of artists and engravers. George Stewart writes on Alfred, Lord Tennyson; W. D. Howells continues his A Traveler from Altrusia; Herrmann, "the conjurer," gives an interesting paper named Light on the Black Art, in which he explains the mystery of the work done by Indian jugglers, without, however, explaining his own mysteries, further than to admit they are all done by sleight of hand and with the aid of ingenious contrivances. The entire number is well balanced and a triumph, both in an artistic and a literary way.

Messrs. Williamson of Toronto have issued Lord Tennyson's last book of poems in very pretty form. It is entitled, The Death of Oenone, Akbar's Dream and other Poems. The contents of the book are really the last writings of the great poet, brought together and published just as they come to hand, without any particular sequence or general purpose. They seem fragmentary—in fact, they rightly come from the pen of a poet who has written great things in abundance, and these will, in time, settle among their predecessors in constituting the monument of his fame. No particular place in this book would alone have given Tennyson a name. The best certainly is The Churchwarden and Curate, in dialect. The old man has attained the dizzy eminence of a churchwardership and naturally feels proud of it, and competent to impart advice to the new curate, a young man whose father he knew well. He succeeded by being meek and humble.

Far if iver thy feyther et riled me I kep' myseen meesk as a lamb.
An' saw by the grace of t' Lord, Mr. Harry, I ham wot I ham.

Then in a sort of shamefaced way he relates how he once was a Baptist and why he again became a churchman.

Far I wur a Baptis' wonst, an' agean the toithe an' the rate,
Till I fun that it warn't not the grainiest way to the narra gate;
An' I can't abear 'em, I can't, far a lot on 'em coom'd ta-year—
I wur down wi' the rheumatis then—to my pond to 'wash themsens there;
An' I sticks like the ivy as long as I lives to the owd church now,
Far they wash'd their sins i' my pond, n' I doubts they poisoned the cow.

Then the old fellow gives the young curate some practical advice as to how to succeed in his sacred calling.

An' thou'll be 'a curate 'ere, but if iver tha means to git higher,
Tak mun tackle the sins o' the wo'ld, an, not the faults o the squire,
An' I reckons tha'll light o' a livin', somwheers i' the wood or the fen,
If tha cottons down to thy betters, an' keeps thyseen to thysen.
But niver not speak plain out, if tha wants to git forrards a bit,
But creep along the hedge-bottoms, an' tho'll be a bishop yit.

But mind you, the squire and the Baptists are to receive very different treatment. The curate is advised to "cotton" to his betters but to unmercifully flay the Baptists. There is something exquisite quaint in the old man's idea that the Baptists by having an immersion in his pond left their sins there and poisoned his favorite cow.

Neasy, but tha mun speak hout to the Baptises here I' the town,
Far most on 'em talks agean tithe, an' I'd like tha to preach 'em down,
For they've been a-preachin' man down, they have, an' I hates them now,
Far they leaved their nasty sins I' my pond, an' it poisoned the cow.

So it ends. Probably that humorous dialect poem will add something solid to Tennyson's fame—it certainly will with a large class of readers. At all events, it alone is worth the price of the book.

REVIEWER.

A Calgary Miracle.

The Most Wonderful Case Ever Recorded in the North-West.

Miss Lela Cullen is Rescued from what her Physicians and Friends thought to be Her Deathbed.

Winnipeg Tribune.

CALGARY, N. W. T., Oct. 20, 1892.—For some time past the residents of this town have been deeply interested in the case of Miss Lela Cullen, a young lady who had so nearly approached the portals of the great unknown that her friends despaired of her recovery, and who has now fully, indeed almost miraculously, regained her health and strength. Having read on various occasions in the *Tribune* the particulars of what appeared to be miraculous cures, your correspondent determined to investigate the case of Miss Cullen, and now sends you the particulars, fully believing that you will be justified in giving them the widest publication.

When your correspondent visited the residence of Mrs. Cullen, the mother of the young lady, he was courteously received, and in reply to his enquiries as to whether she would be willing to give the facts of her daughter's wonderful recovery for publication for the benefit of other sufferers, Mrs. Cullen readily assented. "My daughter's first illness," said Mrs. Cullen, "was in June 1890, when she was taken with the measles. At that time she was seventeen years of age, tall, fine-looking, and exceedingly healthy, weighing about one hundred and forty pounds. All the family took the measles, and all got over them without trouble, except Lela. Her case from the first baffled all the ordinary remedies used for that disease, and as the measles did not come out, a physician was called in. He administered remedies, but with no better results, and her case seemed to baffle the physician's skill. After a few weeks my daughter began to improve somewhat but did not regain her former strength, and six weeks after she was first taken ill her face, neck, and limbs broke out in blotches. The doctor was again called in, and said it was the measles getting out of her system, and that she would soon be all right again. The doctor's statement was not verified, however, for not only did my daughter not improve, but she gradually grew worse. Soon after she began to swell, first the feet, then the limbs, breast and face became puffed up. Another doctor was called in and he pronounced her trouble dropsy, resulting from the measles. The doctor attended her all winter, and although he seemed to do all in his power for her, she gradually became weaker and weaker. She did not eat, and tonics failed to improve her appetite, and as she gradually grew weaker she lost her courage, felt that hope of life was fast slipping away. In the spring, the doctor's medicine having done her no good was discontinued, and instead he gave her preparations of beef, iron and wine, hypophosphites, eggs, cream, etc. In fact, stimulants of this kind had to be constantly forced upon her to keep her alive and I gave up all hope of her recovery, and in my misery waited for her death. She was now so weak that she could not walk across the floor, and in order to rest her we would lift her into a chair, where she would sit for a short while, when we would again place her in bed. She was slowly but surely dying before our eyes, and nothing we could do for her was of avail. She was still puffed up, and nothing the doctors could do would reduce the swelling. Her limbs would no longer support her and she could only sit up a very short time each day. In this condition she lingered on until August, 1891, some fifteen months after she was first taken ill, and while we were sorrowfully awaiting what seemed the inevitable end, a ray of hope came. I read in a newspaper of a remarkable cure from the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and while I feared that I had heard of this wonderful medicine too late, I hoped almost against hope and sent to the headquarters of the company, at Brockville, Ont., for a supply. At this time, Lela was not able to be removed from bed; her weight was reduced to 90 pounds, and her lips were blue. You will thus see how little hope there appeared for her when she began the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. After she had taken the first box, although there was no visible improvement, she thought they were doing her good, and her spirits began to rise. At the end of the second box I could notice the improvement, and Lela was very hopeful, and felt life was returning to her again. After she had been taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for a month, she was able to get up, and by October she was so well that she could superintend work about the house. She still continued taking the Pills, and rapidly recovered all her old time health, strength and spirits. I cannot tell you," continued Mrs. Cullen, "how deeply grateful I am for the wonderful medicine that saved my daughter's life. You may be sure that both I and mine will always warmly recommend it, as we have every reason to do."

WHAT A PROMINENT DRUGGIST SAYS.

Your correspondent then called upon Mr. J. G. Templeton, the well known druggist on Stephen avenue. In reply to an enquiry as to what he could tell us about Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, Mr. Templeton replied: "What can I tell you about Pink Pills? Well, I can tell you they are the most wonderful medicine I ever handled. I had experience with them in Ontario before coming out here, and in all my experience as a druggist I never knew any medicine to have such a wonderful demand or give such great satisfaction. My experience here has been like my experience in Ontario. All who have used Dr. Williams' Pink Pills speak in their praise, and if I were to tell you how many boxes I am selling here daily you would be readily excused for being somewhat incredulous. If I am asked to recommend a medicine, I unhesitatingly recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and my confidence in them has never been misplaced. I have already said the demand for Pink Pills is astonishing, and they invariably give the best satisfaction. I know this to be so from the statements of customers. I have sold here and in Ontario, thousands of boxes, and have no hesitation in recommending them as a perfect blood builder and nerve restorer, curing such diseases as rheumatism, neuralgia, partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, St. Vitus' dance, nervous headache, nervous prostration and the tired feeling therefrom, the after-effects of la grippe, diseases depending on humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. Pink Pills give a healthy glow to pale and sallow complexions and are a specific for the troubles peculiar to the female system, and in the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, over-work or excesses of any nature.

These Pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trade mark and wrapper, at fifty cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50. Bear in mind that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are never sold in bulk, or by the dozen or hundred, and any dealer who offers substitutes in this form is trying to defraud you and should be avoided. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company from either address. The price at which these pills are sold makes a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.

How I Wrote My First Great Poem.

Perceiving that several successful prose writers of the day are publishing the experiences they had in the writing of their first work, I have kindly consented, in order to encourage my brother poets in *The' Varsity* who have not yet climbed the lofty heights of fame whereunto I have attained, to give a short account of how I came to write the poem, Star Thoughts, which first brought me before the notice of the public.

In my youth I was very ambitious, and when I attended 'Varsity and saw the number there who were devoted to the muse, I was filled with a desire to strike up an acquaintance with her also. But how was I to do it? There was the rub. I had read that poets were born, not made to order, and even at the time I read that line I was profoundly filled with the conviction that I had been born to greatness. But the conviction had lain dormant for some time. Now, at last, however, my soul was filled with the zeal for poesy; my conviction returned with redoubled strength. That resolute genius, which my admirers of to-day declare to be my chief characteristic, gave me then no rest day nor night in my ascent toward Helicon.

The first hint I got was from Aristophanes. I remember well how the thought thrilled me to the very heart when I first read his description of Euripides writing tragedy with his feet on the table. Here was the secret I had been looking for. Several times ere that I had clarified my thoughts by assuming that attitude; and now I saw that here lay the secret of my success. The instinctive genius within me told me so. Filled with this new idea I hurried to my sanctum, and drawing up an easy chair sat down with my feet on the table, in the full assurance that presently the "divine afflatus" of poesy would come.

And lo! she came. Like the oratory of Ulysses on his hearers, "soft as the fleeces of descending snows" a strange and new ecstasy settled down on my rapt soul. Keeping my eye, which I now felt sure was beginning to roll in fine frenzy, steadily fixed on my boottoes, I waited, hushed and breathless as wave on wave surging through me the wondrous emotion thrilled my soul. It lifted me above the things of time and sense into the realm of pure nothingness, until I feared that, like Horace, I would "strike the stars with uplifted head!" I was careful to avoid this disaster, however, as I had struck one or two the previous May, and remembered how the effect had been anything but agreeable. So strong was that common sense for which I am noted, that even into the empyrean I came with me. At last the active phase of the sensation passed away; it was succeeded by a state of extraordinary activity of mind. Now, I knew, was the time for composition, so fixing my eye intently on the star of Hercules, I thus began:

O thou that thro' the pathless realms of space
Brilliantly shinest,
Thou that from yonder distant dwelling-place
My thoughts divinest,

Be present, ye Hercules, I pray
Within my breast here,
O let thy magic influence for aye
Abide and rest here.

So unto men thy lofty thoughts I'll teach
To light their blindness,
And everlasting fame myself shall reach,
Thanks to thy kindness.

My friends, you know the rest of my history. I awoke, like Lord Byron, and found myself famous. It were needless for me to narrate my triumphs since then—you know them all. But I trace their origin to the hint which Aristophanes gave me as to the proper attitude to assume for the reception of the divine afflatus.

—*Poet in The' Varsity.*

She Had Done Her Full Share

"If," he murmured, as he gazed up into her eyes (they were sitting on the front steps), "if I had only a little more money to count on—" then he stopped.

"What would you do!" she asked. Deem her not bold, gentle reader. The summer, she felt, was over; soon the cold winds would put a stop to these front step sentimentals. No fellow ever would propose in the winter time with pa and ma in the sitting room listening, and she felt she must jag him a little.

He turned a little pale and asked if her pa was dealing at the same grocery as last year.

"Yes, he is; what would you do?"

"I—I would have a home of my own. I would, there!" This seemed like business.

"How much have you got?" she said, and her voice sounded firm.

"Fifteen dollars a week." He hung his head.

"How much do you give a week now for your room?"

"Five dollars."

"Stuff! We can get a room plenty good enough for both of us and a pantry to cook in for that. How much do your meals cost?"

"Five dollars a week."

"Pooh: we can both live for that, cooking at home. What do you do with the other $5?"

"Well, I—I smoke, you know."

"Well, you can quit that right off anyhow; you don't spend $5 a week on smoking."

"No; oh, no. Of course there are expenses; other fellows and such——"

"Well, you can stop those, too. What else?"

"I try to save a little."

"That is talking. How much have you saved?"

"Eleven dollars and a half."

"That's plenty for the minister and moving, and something to spare for a necktie or something for you to stand up in. Well?"

"Well, Mary!"

"Go ahead; I can't do everything you know. You've got to ask me."—*Washington Star.*

A Second Crichton.

Rounder—Shay—can you show me w'ere I live?

Policeman—But I don't know you.

Rounder—Thash aw'rl! My wife will introdoosh you.

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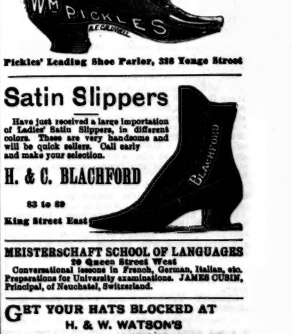

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A Tent of Agony.

Four men once came to a wet place in the roadless forest to fish. They pitched their tent fair upon the brow of a pine-clothed ridge of riven rocks whence a bowlder could be made to crash through the brush and whirlpool the trees to the lake below. On fragrant hemlock boughs they slept the sleep of unsuccessful fishermen, for upon the lake alternately the sun made them lazy and the rain made them wet. Finally they ate the last bit of bacon and smoked and burned the last fearful and wonderful hoecake.

Immediately a little man volunteered to stay and hold the camp while the remaining three should go to Sullivan county to a farmhouse for supplies. They gazed at him dismally. "There's only one of you—the devil make a twin," they said in parting malediction, and disappeared down the hill in the known direction of a distant cabin. When it came night and the hemlocks began to sob, they had not returned. The little man sat close to his companion, the camp fire, and encouraged it with logs. He puffed fiercely at a heavy built briar and regarded a thousand shadows which were about to assault him. Suddenly he heard the approach of the unknown, crackling the twigs and rustling the dead leaves. The little man arose slowly to his feet, his clothes refused to fit his back, his pipe dropped from his mouth, his knees smote each other. "Hah!" he bellowed hoarsely in menace. A growl replied and a bear paced into the light of the fire. The little man supported himself upon a sapling and regarded his visitor.

The bear was evidently a veteran and a fighter, for the black of his coat had become tawny with age. There was confidence in his gait and arrogance in his small, twinkling eye. He rolled back his lips and disclosed his white teeth. The fire magnified the red of his mouth. The little man had never before confronted the terrible and he could not wrest it from his breast. "Hah!" he roared. The bear interpreted this as the challenge of a gladiator. He approached warily. As he came near, the boots of fear were suddenly upon the little man's feet. He cried out and then danced around the camp fire. "Ho!" said the bear to himself, "this thing won't fight—it runs. Well, suppose I catch it." So upon his fearsures there fixed the animal look of going—somewhere. He started intensely around the camp fire. The little man shrieked and ran furiously. Twice around they went.

The hand of heaven sometimes falls heavily upon the righteous. The bear gained.

In desperation the little man flew into the tent. The bear stopped and sniffed at the entrance. He scented the scent of many men. Finally he ventured in.

The little man crouched in a distant corner. The bear advanced creeping, his blood burning, his hair erect, his jowls dripping. The little man yelled and rustled clumsily under the flap at the end of the tent. The bear snarled awfully and made a jump and a grab at his disappearing prey. The little man, now without the tent, felt a tremendous paw grab his coat tails. He squirmed and wriggled out of his coat, like a schoolboy in the hands of an avenger. The bear howled triumphantly and jerked the coat into the tent and took two bites, a punch and a hug before he discovered his man was not in it. Then he grew not very angry, for a bear on a spree is not a black-haired pirate. He is merely a hoodlum. He lay down on his back, took the coat on his four paws and began to play uproariously with it. The most appalling, blood-curdling whoops and yells came to where the little man was crying in a treetop, and froze his blood. He moaned a little speech meant for a prayer and clung convulsively to the bending branches. He gazed with tearful wistfulness at where his comrade, the camp fire, was giving dying flickers and crackles. Finally, there was a roar from the tent which eclipsed all roars; a sant which it seemed would shake the stolid silence of the mountain and cause it to shrug its granite shoulders. The little man quaked and shrivelled to a grip and a pair of eyes. In the glow of the embers he saw the white tent quiver and fall with a crash. The bear's merry play had disturbed the center pole and brought a chaos of canvas about his head.

Now the little man became the witness of a mighty scene. The tent began to flounder. It took flopping strides in the direction of the lake. Marvelous sounds came from within—rips and tears, and great groans and pants. The little man went into giggling hysterics.

The entangled monster failed to extricate himself before he had frenzidly walloped the tent to the edge of the mountain. So it came to pass that three men, clambering up the hill with bundles and baskets, saw their tent approaching.

It seemed to them like a white-robed phantom pursued by hornets. Its moans rifled the hemlock twigs.

The three men dropped their bundles and scurried to one side, their eyes gleaming with fear. The canvas avalanche swept past them. They leaned, faint and dumb, against trees and listened, their blood stagnant. Below them it struck the base of a great pine tree, where it writhed and struggled. The three watched its convolutions a moment and then started terrifically for the top of the hill. As they disappeared, the bear cut loose with a mighty effort. He cast one disheveled and agonized look at the white thing, and then started wildly for the inner recesses of the forest.

The three fear-stricken individuals ran to the rebuilt fire. The little man reposed by it calmly smoking. They sprang at him and overwhelmed him with interrogations. He contemplated the darkness and took a long, pompous puff. "There's only one of me—and the devil made a twin," he said.—*Stephen Crane in Cosmopolitan.*

Newsport—The game seems very wild this year.

Oldsport—Yes; but not wilder than the shooting.

Fashionable Holiday Presents.

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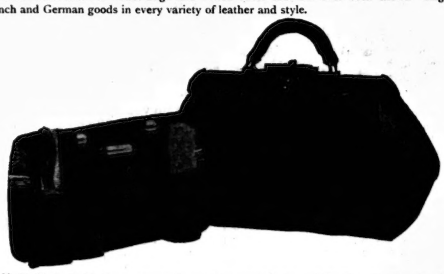

H. E. Clarke & Co. have always been the largest dealers of Foreign Leather Goods, in addition they carry an immense stock of fine Trunks, Traveling and Fitted Bags made especially for them by Canadian manufacturers. Nothing makes a more useful or elegant present than a handsome Toilet Case.

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Dressing Bags	from $7.50	to $100.00		Satchels	from $1.00	to $ 7.00
Toilet Cases	" 2.00	" 50.00		Chatelaines	" 1.25	" 5.00
Brush and Comb Sets	" 1.00	" 20.00		Hair Brushes	" 1.00	" 3.75
Manicure Sets	" 1.00	" 10.00		" Military, per pair	" 2.00	" 14.00
Cigar Cases	" 1.00	" 6.00		Collar and Cuff Boxes	" .50	" 4.00
Cigarette Cases	" .75	" 4.00		Traveling Rugs	" 3.00	" 25.00
Writing Cases	" 1.00	" 20.00		Flasks	" .75	" 5.00
Inkstands	" .50	" 5.00		Photograph Holders	" 1.00	" 6.00
Card Cases	" .50	" 6.00		Jewel Cases	" 2.00	" 20.00
Purses	" .25	" 7.00		Music Rolls	" .50	" 3.50

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Births.

MITCHELL—Nov. 23, Mrs. T. Mitchell—a son.
HUMPHREY—Dec. 1, Mrs. Edmund Humphrey—a son.
ALEXANDER—Nov. 24, Mrs. E. T. Alexander—a daughter.
GREENWOOD—Nov. 28, Mrs. H. S. Greenwood—a son.
MUMFORD—Nov. 29, Mrs. W. Mumford—a son.
FANGMAN—Dec. 1, Mrs. C. E. Fangman—a daughter.
SKIRROW—Nov. 26, Mr. J. A. Skirrow—a daughter.
VAN NOSTRAND—Dec. 4, Mrs. Geo. Van Nostrand—a daughter.
WATTS—Dec. 3, Mrs. A. P. Watts—a daughter.
HUTCHISON—Dec. 2, Mrs. Geo. Hutchison—a daughter.
WIGGINS—Nov. 29, Mrs. W. Wiggins—a daughter.
BASSOO—Dec. 3, Mrs. O. N. Bassoo—a son.
RUNCIMAN—Nov. 26, Mrs. T. Runciman—a daughter.

Marriages.

MUSGRAVE-FRANCIS—Nov. 29, James Musgrave to Lizzie Francis.
WHITE-LITTLE—On Monday, by Rev. J. P. Lewis, M.A., of Grace church, Toronto, Percival White, LL.D. of London, England, to Laura Howard, youngest daughter of the late D. D. Little, and niece of Lieut.-Colonel R. Dunat O'Brien of the Civil Service, Ottawa. No cards.
GILLESPIE-CAMPBELL—Nov. 29, Dr. W. R. Gillespie to Bertie Campbell.
DONLY—BROOK—Nov 30, H. B. Donly to Emma Brook.
McCULLOUGH—LAWSON—Nov. 30, J. W. S. McCullough to Alice M. Lawson.

Deaths.

TINNING—Nov. — Frank T. Tinning, aged 32.
COOPER—Nov. 24, David A. Cooper, aged 46.
BELL—Dec. 5, Kate C. Bell, aged 55.
IRWIN—Dec. 4, James Irwin.
LARKE—Dec. 4, Charles G. C. Larke, aged 2.
MEADOWS—Dec. 4, Muriel Meadows.
OSBORNE—Nov. 30, W. R. Osborne, aged 6.
McLEAN—Dec. 1, Hugh McLean, aged 29.
REID—Dec. 1, Harriet Reid, aged 65.
SUTHERLAND—Nov 23, W. Sutherland.
WATSON—Nov. 30, Henry O. Watson, aged 1.
PEARSON—Nov. 28, John Pearson.
MURRAY—Nov. 28, James Murray, aged 80.
YORKE—Nov. 29, Frank Yorke, aged 5.
BUTT—Nov. 29, Eliza Butt.

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